

MAY-10c

The Comics magazine

STRIKE
ONE!



Dad's Book

Books, Radio, and Magazine
Editorial, and, Enlarged
1971 Edition

**A
RIOT
OF
FUN**

**HUMOR
THRILLS
AND IN COLORS**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

LOOK

FOR THE

COUPON

IN THIS

MAGAZINE

•

**Be Sure
You Fill It Out
and mail it**

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Vol. I, No. 1

THE COMICS MAGAZINE

May, 1936

The Funny Pages

PRESENTED in this magazine are all original and every one of them-NEW. The creators of the features in this issue have established themselves with fans in all parts of the world. In The Comics Magazine we bring you, in each issue, a brand new batch of splendid adventures and screamingly humorous comic features. The book is brilliant with four-color reproduction and clean, sharp black-and-white. There are departments that will give you real enjoyment for your evenings. The publishers promise you that they will strive to make this the finest magazine of its kind, and they will welcome comment, criticism or praise.

Write your letters to

Yours cordially,

THE EDITORS

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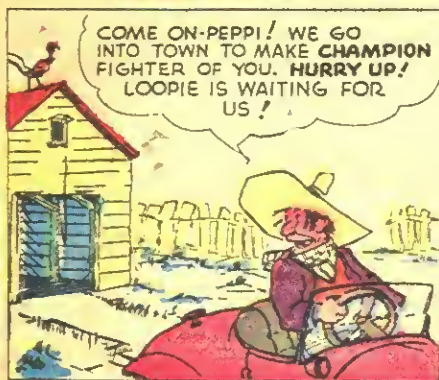
CHIKKO CHAKKO

by Ellis Edwards





- A NEEDLE AND
THREAD TO PATCH
A TIRE -ZUT!

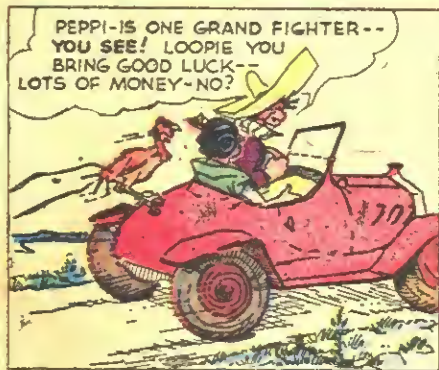


COME ON-PEPPI! WE GO
INTO TOWN TO MAKE **CHAMPION**
FIGHTER OF YOU. **HURRY UP!**
LOOPIE IS WAITING FOR
US!

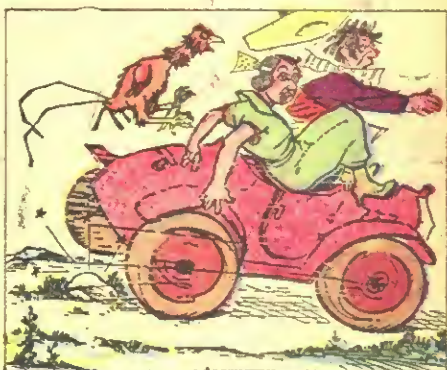


SO-CHEEKO! YOU THINK I BRING
GOOD LUCK TO
PEPPI-NO?

SI-
LOOPIE!

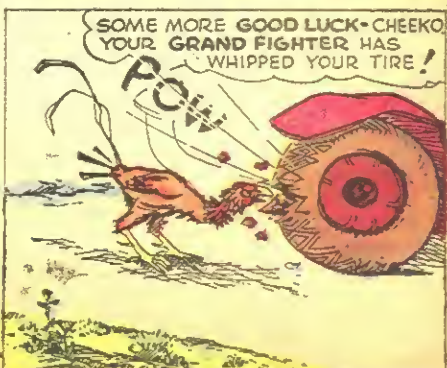


PEPPI-IS ONE GRAND FIGHTER--
YOU SEE! LOOPIE YOU
BRING GOOD LUCK--
LOTS OF MONEY-NO?



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
THE GOOD LUCK
WAS ONLY FOR
YOU! LOOK AT
MY NEW
DRESS!

BUT--
LOOPIE!



SOME MORE GOOD LUCK-CHEEKO!
YOUR GRAND FIGHTER HAS
WHIPPED YOUR TIRE!

DR. MYSTIC

THE OCCULT DETECTIVE

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER



AN ENTIRE CITY FREEZES WITH TERROR AS A MASKED, WRATH-LIKE GIANT APPEARS FROM OUT OF NOWHERE AND STALKS AIMLESSLY AMID THE SKYSCRAPERS, PEEING... SEARCHING...

DR. MYSTIC, Foe OF SUPER-NATURAL EVIL, INCREASES HIS SIZE AND RENDERS HIMSELF SEMI-MATERIAL THRU AN OLD, MYSTIC RITUAL.



HE ADVANCES UPON THE OTHER FIGURE, POISED FOR BATTLE!

ABOVE THE SHRIeking CITY, THE TWO GIANTS ENGAGE IN MORTAL COMBAT!



THO HIS OPPONENT IS A MIGHTY FIGHTER, MYSTIC SUCCEEDS IN PINIONING HIS ARMS BEHIND HIM, AND SWIFTLY RIPS THE MASK OFF.

ZATOR!

YES, IT IS I, MY FRIEND! I'VE COME A LONG DISTANCE. I KNEW THIS WOULD BE THE EASIEST WAY TO LOCATE YOU, THAT YOU WOULD WAGE BATTLE WITH ME IF I APPEARED AS A MENACE.



IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, ZATOR! HOW ARE "THE SEVEN"?

IT IS BECAUSE OF THEM I SEEK YOU. --THEY WISH YOU TO COME IMMEDIATELY. LET US HURRY!

BEFORE THE SHOCKED EYES OF THE CITY, THE TWO GIANT FIGURES LOCK ARMS COMRADELY -- AND VANISH!

THRU THE SPIRIT WORLD, FLASHING ALONG AT A SPEED GREATER THAN THAT OF LIGHT ITSELF, HURTLE THE DE-MATERIALIZED BODIES OF MYSTIC AND ZATOR BOUND FOR INDIA AND "THE SEVEN"





MONSTROUS CREATURES OF THE NETHER WORLD SEEK TO SNARE THE TRAVELERS INTO HALTING, FIRST BY FRIGHT



THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK!

THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR, SO LONG AS WE CONTINUE OUR FLIGHT THEY ARE POWERLESS TO HARM US.

NEXT THE CREATURES TRY CUNNING...



HELP ME! —PLEASE!

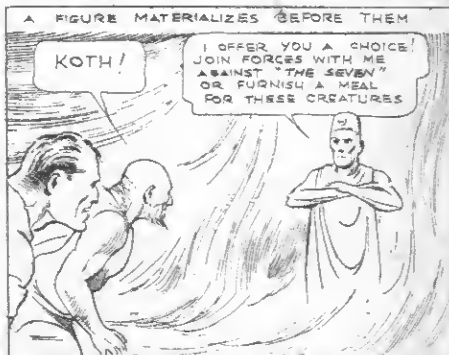
LET GO! I'M GOING TO HELP HER!

DON'T BE A FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S A TRAP?



WHAT'S WRONG? WE'RE SLOWING!

AS MYSTIC AND ZATOR SLOW, THE HUNGRY MONSTERS PRESS EAGERLY CLOSER...



A FIGURE MATERIALIZES BEFORE THEM

KOTH!

I OFFER YOU A CHOICE! JOIN FORCES WITH ME AGAINST "THE SEVEN" OR FURNISH A MEAL FOR THESE CREATURES



ZATOR DARTS FORWARD, HANDS SPREAD FOR THE KILL

SO! THAT IS YOUR ANSWER!



THEN DIE!

THE MONSTROSITIES CLOSE IN WITH A TRIUMPHANT RUSH!

TO BE CONTINUED



KO KO

M. MacFARLANE

WAY DEED IN
THE JUNGLES
OF AFRICA -
IS THE NAT-
IVE VILLAGE
OF BODIRMA -

RULED BY
KING KONGO
AND HIS ONLY
SON -
MISCHIEVOUS
"KOKO" WHO IS
FULL OF FUN



KOKO AM DE BERY
LIMIT,
DAT BOYS IN MISCHIEF
EBERY MINUTE



SAY!
LIONS OR TIGERS -
NOTHING SCARES ME



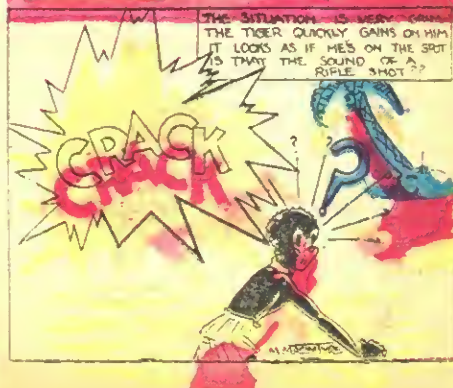
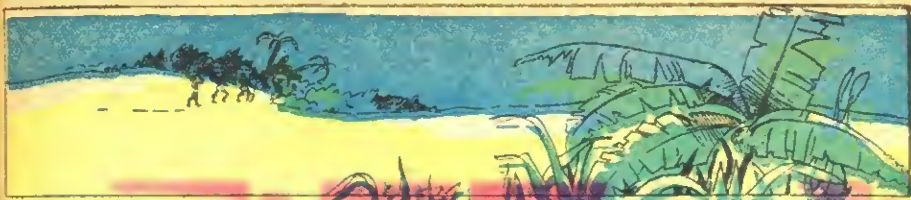
BAH! IF YO SEE TIGER
YO AM DE FIRST UP A TREE

OH YEA?
DEM I'LL SHOW YOU
AM DE WHOLE TREE TOO

THEY'RE INTERRUPTED BY THE FRENZIED CRY
OF ONE OF THEIR TRIBESMEN -
WHIZZING BY



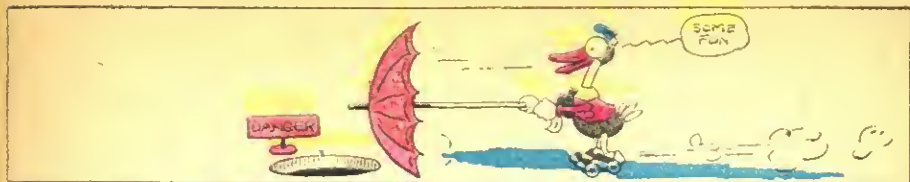
RUN FOR YO LIVES
GET UP A TREE -
A TIGER AM COMIN'
AFTER ME



Dickie Duck

by
Matt Curzon





SKINNY SHANER

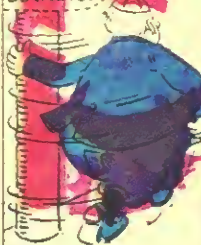
BY JIM McNAMARA

I WONDER IF I COULD
FEEL TWICE AS HAPPY
AS I DO NOW IF I WERE
TWIN? - I DOUBT IT!



1

GUESS I'LL GO DOWN
TO THE BAKERY AND
SORTA TICKLE UP
MY APPETITE FOR
DINNER!



2

HOT DAWG! - ATE WOT
I'M GONNA BE THINKIN'
ABOUT TO-NIGHT WHEN
I'M EATIN' MY BREAD
AND MILK! - 'AT BIG
OLE JUICY CHOCKLIT
CAKE!



3

OOH GOODIE!
THERE'S SKINNY
JUST IN TIME
TO CARRY MY
BREAD HOME
FOR ME!



AW HECK EMILY,
WHEN I GET THIS
DUMMY SAFELY
HOME FOR YA -
THAT OUGHTA
BE ENUF!



4

OH NO, I'M ALSO
GOING TO LET YOU
HELP ME WIND THE
YARN FOR THE BEAUT-
IFUL SWEATER I'M GOING
TO KNIT!



5

NOW LOOK! - YOU GOT
ME ALL HOG TIED UP
SO'S I CAN'T CHASE
THAT DARNED FLY
OFFA MY BEEZER!



6

OH, JUST A
SECOND! - I'LL
ATTEND TO
THAT!



7

WHAT?
THE - ?



8

SEE? - NOW ALL
YOU'VE GOT TO
DO IS TURN
WHILE I WIND!



9

SOMETHIN'
LIKE THIS HUH?

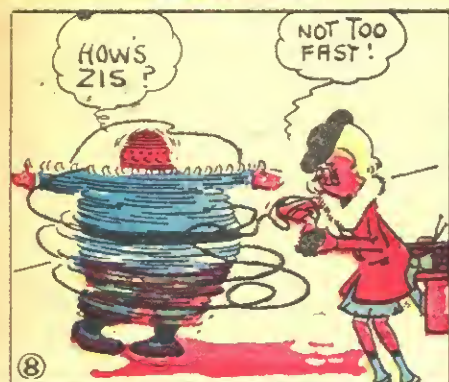


10

OH, YOU CAN
TURN FASTER
THAN THAT
SKINNY DEAR!



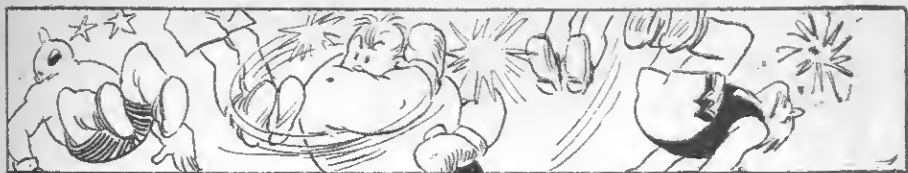
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BIG SID

by STAN RANDALL

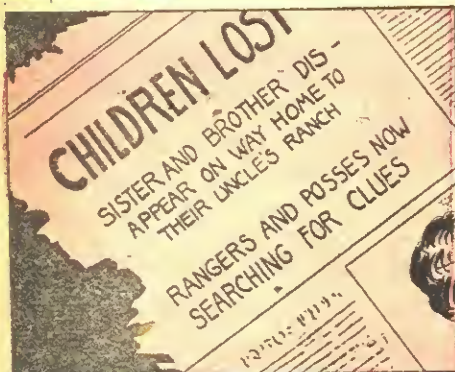




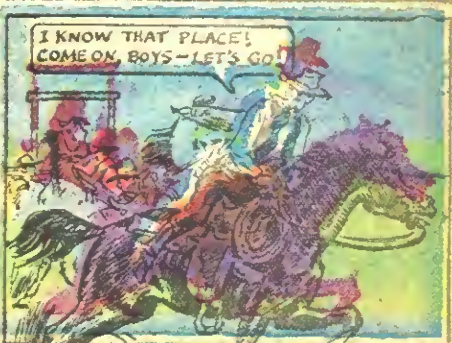
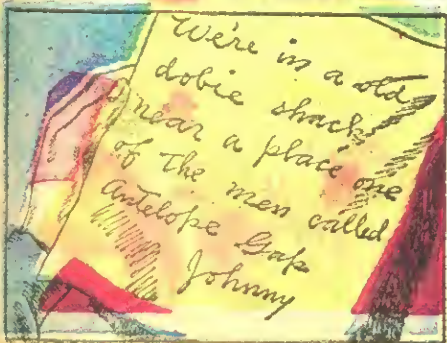
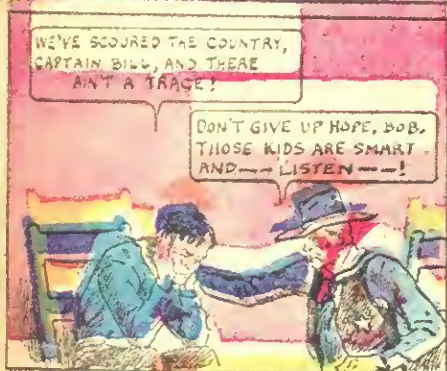
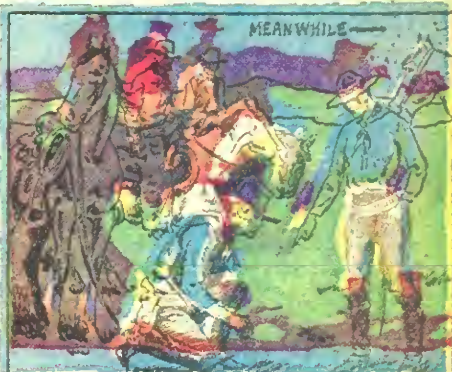
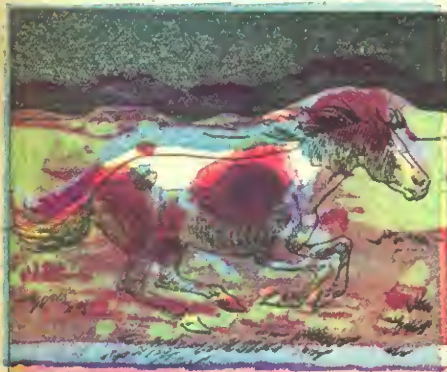
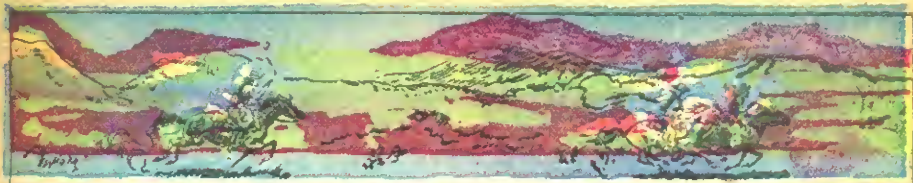


CAPTAIN BILL of the RANGERS

By W.M. Allison



This Is a Regular Feature of The Comics Magazine

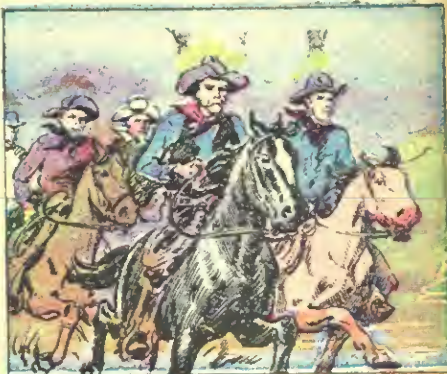




CAPTAIN BILL of the RANGERS

By W.M. Allison

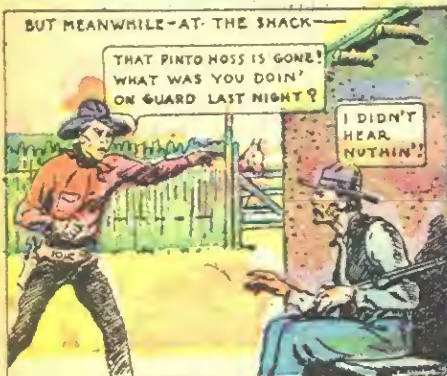
CAPTAIN BILL, WITH HIS RANGERS
HIGHTAILS FOR ANTELOPE GAP, HOPING
TO RESCUE JANE AND JOHNNY WHO ARE
BEING HELD CAPTIVES BY OUTLAWS.



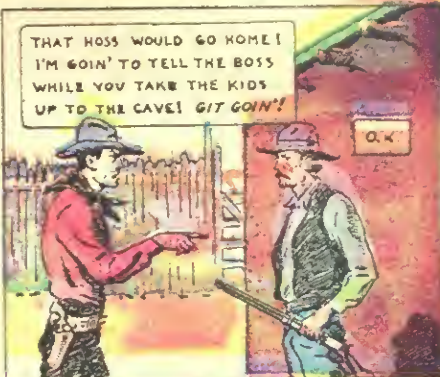
BUT MEANWHILE-AT THE SHACK-

THAT PINTO HOSS IS GONE!
WHAT WAS YOU DOIN'
ON GUARD LAST NIGHT?

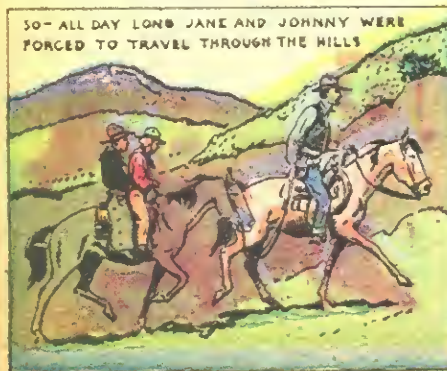
I DIDN'T
HEAR
NUTHIN'!



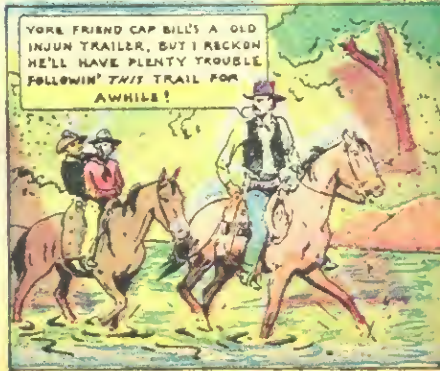
THAT HOSS WOULD GO HOME!
I'M GOIN' TO TELL THE BOSS
WHILE YOU TAKE THE KIDS
UP TO THE CAVE! GIT GOIN'!

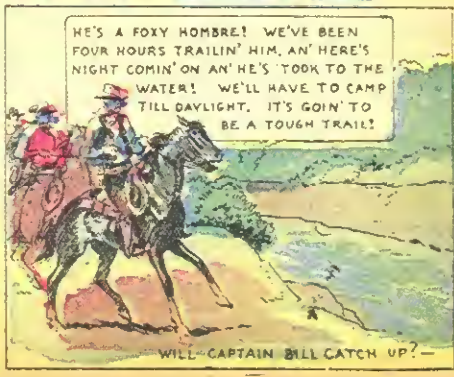
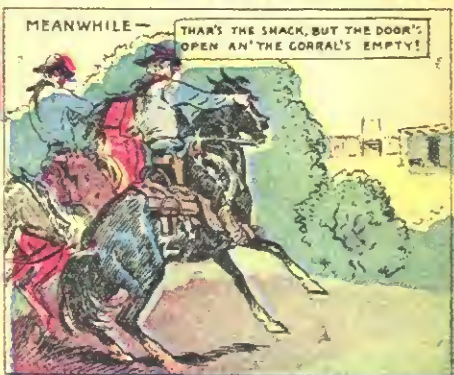
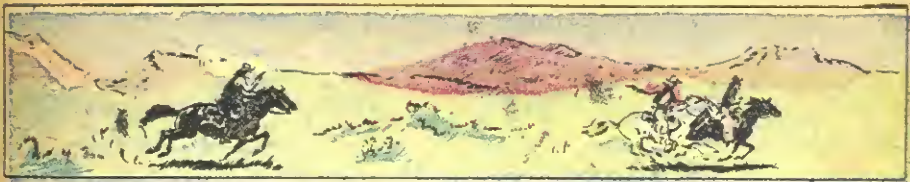


SO- ALL DAY LONG JANE AND JOHNNY WERE
FORCED TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE HILLS



YOUR FRIEND CAP BILL'S A OLD
INJUN TRAILER, BUT I RECKON
HE'LL HAVE PLENTY TROUBLE
FOLLOWIN' THIS TRAIL FOR
AWHILE!





Behind the Curtain

Grim Tragedy Lurked in the Shadows of the Stage Setting and the Law
Rushed Detective Larry Speed to Solve the Dark Mystery that Dropped the
Curtain on a Baffling Crimson Terror.

A Short Detective-Action Story

by WALLACE KIRK

"DUKE" BRESLAU, alias the Count Sergi Marinkov, backed haltingly from the secret door of the Silver Buckle's private dining room. The duke, his identity discovered, was making a getaway from the guns of the St. James boys, as they were known to the police. The cruel, hard face of the bogus count, masked behind a meticulously barbered Imperial beard, was turned to the door as he tiptoed across the heavily carpeted floor of the room. In his eyes was the baleful gleam of the hunted wolf. He heard them coming. It was not a getaway, then. It was the duke's last stand.

Whipping a short-barreled pearl-handled pistol from beneath his tux, Breslau stopped in the middle of the room. He had reached the end of the road. The sound of voices, the swift movement of running feet, slamming of doors, crept nearer and nearer as the gang searched for him. Well, he had given them a run for their money.

"Traybelre will never know," he half whispered. "The island of the dogs will remain a secret with Count Marinkov."

The cry of the pack rose louder, reached the door and it burst open. Blood hungry avengers of the underworld code sprang into the room, weapons blazing. Breslau laughed in their faces and stood, feet spread wide like a marksman in a shooting gallery, firing coolly.

"Come on you—scum," shouted Breslau, laughing as he called. "Where's the lights?—Ha... Ha... Ha—Nobody knows?—Who cares?—Ah... That was Sunny Bannister..."

Falling slowly, jerking as the bullets knocked him this way, then that, but doggedly keeping his feet under him, Duke Breslau at last melted to the floor like a bit of light filmy silk that slides down a soft air current to rest in ripples beside a pool of crimson hue.

The killers crept cautiously across the floor toward their victim, stopped suddenly as a feeble, whispering effort bubbled from the Duke's lips.

"Mother," he called.

And the curtain was lowered on the last act of Clayton Hays' underworld drama "The Dark House."

TENSE and still as the walls of the theatre the audience sat gripped by the stark realism of the final scene. Sophisticated Broadway stage reviewers breathed deeply, shaking off the prickly chills

that swept them like a bleak wind. First night regulars sighed audibly, looked sheepishly at one another, then relaxed in their seats.

Just the mellowest sort of melodrama. But what a marvellous piece of acting by Farnwell Ambler. It was worth sitting through the whole show again just to watch Mr. Ambler die. So utterly true to life—and death. And his thought of his mother.

Behind the curtain was another scene with actors staring stupidly at one another as, grouped around the body of Frederick Selter, they watched the efforts of author and stage manager to arouse the man whom the audiences believed to be Farnwell Ambler. One man stood up suddenly looking around at the cast, speechless, then he turned and rushed to the curtain, swept it aside and stepped out upon the apron.

The audience was moving slowly up the aisles, chatting, smiling, gathering in parties behind the orchestra wall. Clayton Hays called excitedly from his place on the apron of the stage as some of the people saw him and began to clap their hands.

"Is there a doctor in the audience?" he shouted. "A doctor—please—hurry!"

A tall straight man in evening clothes touched his wife on the arm, and strode quickly down the aisle, leaping to the apron. Hays led him swiftly behind the curtain.

Doctor Perry bent over Selter, tore away his coat and vest, and the players fell back, aghast.

"The man is dead," declared Perry. "Shot through the heart."

OFFICER CORBETT, from the beat, held the company on the stage while the Homicide Squad rushed Detective Sergeant Larry Speed with two men to the Belmore Theatre.

Speed and his detail came in through the stage entrance and took charge.

"Everybody find chairs," ordered the detective sergeant. "No one leaves the stage. Who's the stage manager?"

Paul Ashford stepped forward, without speaking, and stood before Speed.

"What do you think?" demanded Speed. "You were on the stage. How could it happen?"

Ashford hesitated, unafraid, but still half stunned by the mysterious death. "Yes, I was right there, he said pointing to the wings, 'but I can't—'"

"All right," Speed cut in swiftly. "Never mind."

Clayton Hays, who wrote the play, spoke up

and explained the scene to the detectives, showed them how the action was staged and just what had happened. Speed listened attentively, his eyes travelling methodically from face to face as Hays talked. When the playwright paused, Speed raised a hand.

"Okay," he said. "Who were the gangsters in this scene? Who was on the set shooting at the time? Stand up."



Seven men arose silently and all eyes turned on them.

"But those revolvers," interjected Hays, "You see officer—you couldn't kill a man with one of them. They are all specially constructed for effect. The muzzles are screw-plugged and the hole—there—" he took one from a trembling hand and showed it to Speed—"the flame breaks out here."

Speed looked at the seven black new looking big revolvers, all stage guns, fixed to conform with theatre requirements. A man could not shoot a bullet through the muzzles, even if he wanted to.

Turning suddenly, Speed ordered his men to search the seven.

"A dark stage, you said," snapped Speed, as nothing was found on the seven extras. "Everybody then. Line up there against the curtain. Search them all. Somebody shot him."

The medical examiner came onto the stage and proceeded to make his own investigation. Death by gun shot. Probing brought to light a .33 caliber lead bullet. Speed's men went through the cast, overlooking no one.

"This man," said the detective, with a sweeping gesture toward the deceased actor. "Does anybody know any reason why somebody should want him killed? Anybody know anything about him? You say he went in at the last minute to take Farnwell Ambler's role. What happened to Ambler?"

The stage manager, Ashford, spoke up hollowly.

"Mr. Ambler never arrived at the theatre," he explained. "Twenty minutes before curtain time we called in Mr. Selter and he made a quick study of the part. Something has happened to Ambler—"

There was a sudden sound of footsteps at the stage entrance. The door chain clanked and a stool scraped on the cement floor.

"What's that?" cried Ashford, and then one of the women in "The Dark House" cast swooned, and fell into the arms of a man standing beside her.

Farnwell Ambler had walked onto the stage, a bandage wrapped around his head, his eyes staring at the assemblage.

To his head, "How did it go? . . . Why—" he saw to his head, "How did it go? . . . Why—" he saw the body on the floor. "What on earth's happened?"

Two short, stocky men in evening clothes now appeared brushing the curtain aside and coming across the stage.

"Who are they?" demanded Larry Speed of Ashford.

"The producers," explained the stage manager.

The detective ignored them and stepped up to the bandaged actor.

"Where have you been?"

"Me—" Ambler hesitated, frowning at his questioner. He looked across the stage at Ashford, glanced around at the company. "Who are you—what business is it of yours—I have—"

"Listen, Ambler," said Detective Speed forcefully. "This is no time for 'up-staging' me. I'm from the Homicide Division, Police Headquarters. That man has been killed and I want to know where you were—when you should have been here."

"Killed" Farnwell Ambler drew back, aghast. "Oh, my God!—Why—How—"

Speed swung around and motioned to his men. "Put the irons on this man," he ordered, then to Ambler whose mouth opened as if to cry out, "You'll talk when we get you in the heater."

"No . . . No," shouted Ambler hoarsely. "Don't . . ." as he saw the handcuffs dangling before his eyes. "You can't do . . . Why I've just come from the hospital . . . I—"

"What hospital?" snapped Detective Speed. "How did you get in a hospital? What for?"

"My car," said the actor with arms thrown behind him to avoid the manacles. "I had a slight accident . . . In fact, I was unconscious. Call the Dickinson Hospital. I just left there."

Larry Speed stared hard at Ambler. The actor returned his gaze boldly.

"Lock every door in this theatre," commanded Speed. "Front, back, side—everywhere. Deegan," he turned to one of his men, "get on the phone in the office and find out about this at Dickinson."

As he returned to the stage, Deegan nodded firmly.

"Yeh," he said to the intense Larry Speed. "They had Ambler over there. Slight confusion. Car skidded and hit a post. He was unconscious when they brought him in. Looks queer, don't it, Larry?"

"Still," whispered the detective sergeant, "What's that?"

Somewhere out there in the theatre they all heard the sound of metal clicking, like the slipping of a snap lock on one of the balcony fire exit doors.

SEARCHING the theatre, the alley, the players; sweating them one by one, got Detective Sergeant Speed nowhere. It was well on into the morning when he shook his head grimly and saw the artists leave the theatre under escort of special "shadows." They would be calling this another of those unsolved police cases, another mystery shelved because the criminal was too smart for the law.

When the curtain rose on "The Dark House" the following night Speed, with his two side kicks, Deegan and Webb, were seated in a box. The story of the murder had been hushed. Farnwell Ambler would appear tonight as programmed. And Larry Speed believed steadfastly that Ambler was connected in some manner with the killing of Selter.

"They look absolutely alike," Speed mentioned to Webb beside him, as Ambler, suave and debonair, behind his crepe hair Imperial and moustache, walked smoothly through his part as Count Sergi Marinkov. "Selter and this Ambler—same size—build. Even voice."

Two acts and three scenes unfolded before the detective's eyes. The third act opened. Ambler, playing the dual role, was giving a splendid performance. No trace of his scalp wound showed over the footlights. Make-up skillfully applied, covered this. Then came the last scene of the play.

Speed was nodding slowly to himself, impatient. Back of the curtain they could hear slight sounds as the crew switched the sets.

I know now," said Larry Speed, to Webb and Deegan. "This Ambler was the bird mixed up in that wild party last winter in Gladys Delzar's flat. Member?" His companions nodded. "That's who he is. The Broadway actor that Hook Fanley swore got those sparklers. I knew I'd seen his mug some place. Ah."

The curtain was rising now. The audience hung on the edge of its seat, tense, listening to the bitter heroine. And from the opposite door came Count Sergi. He was Duke Breslau now, and he backed haltingly from the door. The cruel, hard face of the bogus count was fixed on the door. A hunted wolf. And behind him—

"They never found those sparklers," mused Speed under his breath as he watched Ambler's superb acting.

"That's a fact, Larry," whispered Webb.

Whipping a short barreled, pearl handled pistol from beneath his tux, Breslau stopped in the middle of the room.

"Trayblere will never know," the actor growled. "The island of the dogs will remain a secret with Count Marinkov."

Into the room sprang the bloodhounds of the underworld. Breslau laughed in their faces and stood calmly, as they opened fire in the half light of the secret room, shooting back at them.

The detective sergeant and his cronies watched it intently; saw the mob crowd in the door, saw a couple of them topple forward on their faces; dying a stage death; saw Farnwell Ambler clutch at his heart, and stagger, bending, choking—dead.

"A good actor," remarked Speed, rising and standing in the arch of the box. "He jerked there like a guy with a real slug shot into him. You 'member Hook Fanley was sent up to the icebox for that job?"

Detective Webb dragged Deegan out by the arm and the three started down the stairs, their conversation drowned in the hum and buzz of the audience fling out of the house. As they reached the orchestra floor and Speed beckoned them toward the small door that led to the stage, they halted stiffly.

Beyond the asbestos curtain a woman screamed.

Speed was first through the door. Players, stage hands, extras were milling about. Speed grabbed the first man in his path.

"What was that?" he cried. "Who screamed back here?"

"It was Miss Latham," stammered the man, "the leading woman."

"Where is she?" demanded the officer, glancing around swiftly. "What's this?"

"They've carried her out to her room," offered the man. He raised a faltering hand, trembling now, pointing to the set, and the detectives saw men and women crowded in the center of the stage. "Mister Ambler's dead," the man added.

LARRY SPEED shoved his way through the circle of players. Paul Ashford was crouched beside the body of Farnwell Ambler, and Ashford was staring upward, far into the heights of the fly gallery.

Speed went over Ambler quickly.

"Webb—Deegan!" he shouted. "Quick! Shut the house tight. This time we'll get 'em. Everybody quiet. Ashford, help me get the ushers, door men all hands to clear the house out front. Throw on all lights, front and stage. You seven." He snapped spinning swiftly on his toes to face the dumbfounded extras who had appeared only in the last scene as "killers"—"Line up!" he ordered, and whipped his gun out covering them.

While Speed searched the seven "stage" killers the curtain was being raised. All lights were on now. Webb and Deegan had posted the front doorman, two porters and Ashford around the house at the side exits. The front doors were locked, tight. Larry Speed satisfied himself that the extra men were beyond suspicion.

"Put all the women in one dressing room," he said calmly. "Keep your voices low if you have to talk."

The women were bundled off stage and shut up in the first dressing room and Detective Larry Speed faced the others, speaking briefly.

"The man who killed Ambler," he said, "is still in this theatre. I'm giving him a chance to come out and give himself up. Here," he turned to the stage hands, "take this set away, quick Webb! Start under the stage. Deegan, get up through the boxes on that side."

Speed scanned the house from the stage where he stood. Row after row of seats; orchestra, balcony, gallery; a dead stillness over all. He watched a spot in the balcony like a tiger watches a buck's horns moving in the jungle. It was no dream. Somebody was crawling along a row, between the seats, in the balcony.

"Mike!" Speed yelled at Deegan. "Mike, let him have it!"

With an oath a man sprang up and raced frantically across the balcony, gun waving. Speed shouted for everybody to duck. A porter covering the exit door toward which the fugitive was plunging, fled, diving out of sight between the seats. Speed's pistol roared, and the killer's gun flung down, blazing. The people on the stage hurled themselves out of the zone, as Mike Deegan went dashing up the steps from a box, firing at the moving target.

"Under cover," shouted Speed running for the left stairs. "It's the Hook. Hook Fanley. Drop that gun, Hook!"

But Fanley was at the exit door and shoved it open, turning to throw a final shot at Detective Speed. Reaching the door Speed banged it open and leaped out onto the iron fire stairway. Deegan came at his heels, a ragged bullet hole in his sleeve.

"I'll get him," shouted Speed. "There, that's him." They saw Hook Fanley drop from the ladder at the bottom, hug the wall of the buildings and race swiftly out of the alley to the street. Speed plunged down the stairs and was gone.



A TAXI swung around the corner with groaning gears as Detective Speed reached the street. He jumped to the running board of a parked taxi "Get that machine!" he yelled at the driver as he dropped into the baggage space beside him. "Step on it!"

The car shot away from the curb and Speed felt the lurch as the "night hawk" missed the corner curb by a hair. Then the race was on.

Down the block like Hades on wheels, the two raced, the law car backed by the shield in Larry's pocket, screaming its warning horn to the skies.

Speed felt his driver slip down a little, crouching expectantly. Bullets might start to fly. Speed remembered his gun; dug out bullets from his pocket and reloaded as the two cars fought for balance on the turn.

"He won't shoot," Speed told his driver. "He wants to make it if he can. Watch it. There. Swing over."

The machine that carried Hook Fanley swerved, hung on two wheels and dove suddenly into the side street, screaming with speed, and behind it came the law car with Larry Speed clinging to the windshield, head down and his gun coming up.

The roar of his gun blasted the night, and Speed watched narrowly, saw the car ahead lurch, heard the screech of brakes, then felt his own machine swinging its tail as the driver jammed his foot down. Fanley had leaped from the crippled machine and dashed into the wide door of an all-night garage.

Speed ran as fast as he could to the garage and arrived in time to see the lift going up. On it crouched Hook Fanley. He fired as he saw the detective and Speed threw himself flat.

"Stay where you are!" shouted Speed to a couple of mechanics who appeared, "Keep out of this, you."

With this warning he plunged for the elevator shaft. It was one of those affairs open front and rear. Only a chain for safety. Speed measured the distance and jumped for the undercarriage of the lift itself, catching it with his finger tips. Then he scrambled fast hand over hand across the bottom of the platform and hung, listening.

Hook Fanley was still going up. Speed saw the second floor at his shoulder, then the opening, and he knew he was doing a thing that few coppers would try. As the opening widened he put every ounce of his strength into a desperate swing and hung himself up, over the edge of the lift.

"You gotta nerve," snarled Fanley, whirling, "I—"

Both guns blazed together, the detective shooting as he rolled wildly to one side, half rising and firing again as Fanley took a step away from the control and settled down to his knees. He tried to lift

his gun again, and Speed was on him in a diving tackle. The weapon went clattering, and Speed pinned Hook against the side wall of the elevator.

Fanley groaned, holding his breast. "The first guy, Speed," he mumbled. "I was wrong. I was out to get Ambler. I figured it all out, and it woulda been perfect—made to order, huh?"

Detective Speed stood up and placed his hand to his side. His head was swimming. Blood oozed from a wound under his arm pit. He reached over and took the control in his hand, moved it, felt the lift stopping, then threw it over and started it down to the street level.



"Yeh," said Speed, his eyes on Hook. "Spill it, Hook. What did Ambler do to you?"

Hook Fanley lifted his face, tiredly. He was slipping fast.

"You ask me, Speed. I took the rap—didn't I?—And he took the sparklers. Thirty thousand worth—and he wouldn't split a dime. I'm sorry about that other guy. He was playin' this louse part an' I—"

The lift was stopping itself at the street floor, and Speed glanced knowingly at the figure of Hook Fanley, bent against the side of the car. So Farnwell Ambler DID have those stones. Farnwell Ambler, alias "Duke" Breslau, alias the bogus Count Sergi Marinkov: a character man, as they say in the theatre—but a questionable character, as they call it at headquarters. And a crook!

"Hey!" Detective Sergeant Speed called to one of the four men standing near the garage office. "Back a taxi in here, mister, and make it snappy, please."

In the next issue of The Comics Magazine you have a real treat in store for you. Don't miss the new story by Wallace Kirk, popular author whose yarn you have just read. His story next month will be about a dog; an Airedale pup who grows up with the heart of a lion and courage enough to fight his way into your own heart for keeps. So watch out for the next issue and read about the game little terrier who stuck to his guns and proved that even a dog remembers.

**Don't Fail to Find
the Coupon
in This Issue**

CAP'N TRIPE

BY
JIM-
COOPER

WELL! MR. BONEFACE
WHAT IS IT?

IT'S THE MEN CAP!
THEIR FEELIN'S
ARE HURT BE-
CAUSE THE PORK'S
SORTA ACTIN' UP!

WHO'S THE LEADER
IN THIS COMPLAINT?

A MR. WHIFFLEPIFF

NOT MISTER
PIFFLE WHIFF?
BRING THE DOG
HERE!

WHIFFLEPIFF
IT IS SIR!

MORNIN JUDGE!
ER I MEAN CAP'N!

FIFFLEPWIFF!
YOU WOULD
BETRAY ME?

NO! NO! NOT THAT SIR! - YOU
SEE IT'S THE PORK - THE
PORK GOT TO DOIN' THINGS
THAT ANY RESPECTABLE
PIECE O' PORK WOULDN'T DO!
AN' THAT CREATED A GREAT
CONFLICT WITHIN OUR
HEARTS - -

SO?

SO IN DEFENSE AND RESPECT
TO OUR FEELIN'S, VE, ALL WITH
ONE ACCORD VOTED THAT
JUDGEMENT SHOULD BE PASSED
UPON THE AFOREMENTIONED
OFFENDER- TO WIT- THE PORK!



OUR ESTHETIC SENSE WAS
OFFENDED! - WE COULD
NO LONGER TOLERATE
SUCH BASE BEHAVIOR
ON THE PART OF ONE
WHO'S ANCESTORS RANKED
WITH THE HIGHEST-!



YES-RANK-SIR!
RANKER THAN
THEIRANKEST!

YES! MR. PIFFLE-
PORK! YOU GOT
A WHIFF OF THE
PIFFLE-ER-I
MEAN A PIFF
OF THE WHIFFLE



EGAD! SIR!
YOU SAID A
NOSE-FULL!

IT SHALL
WALK THE
PANK!



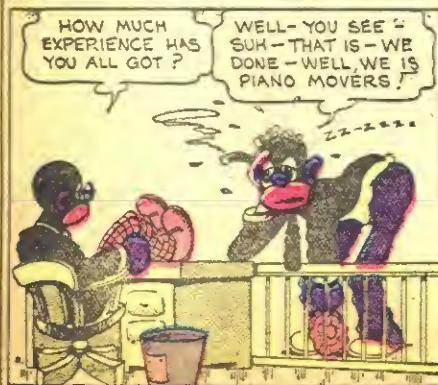
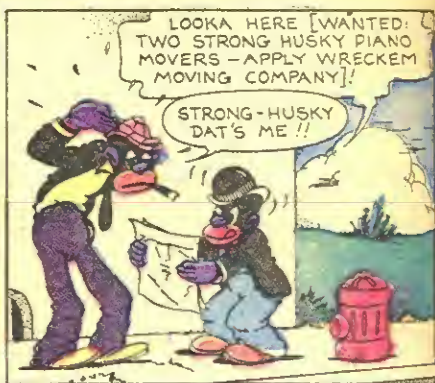
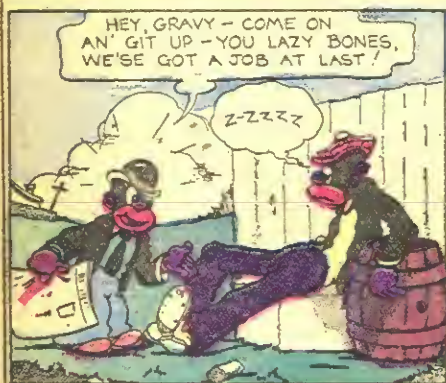
PORK HITS
PLANK AND
BOUNCES
BACK-

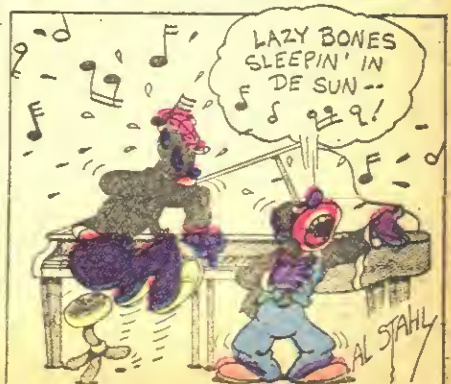
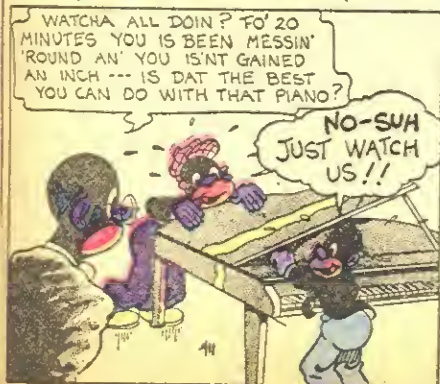
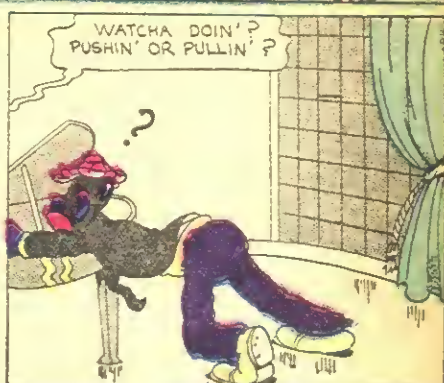
CHEESE IT, LADS!
WE HAVEN'T HEARD
THE LAST O' THIS
PORK, YET!



PORKCHOPS 'N' GRAVY

BY AL STAHL

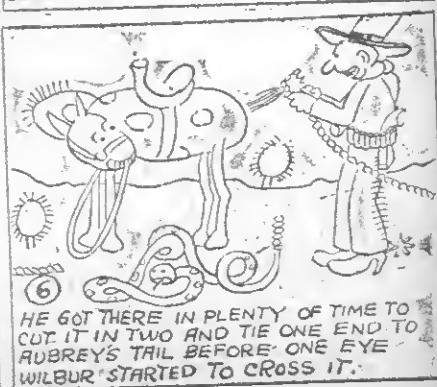


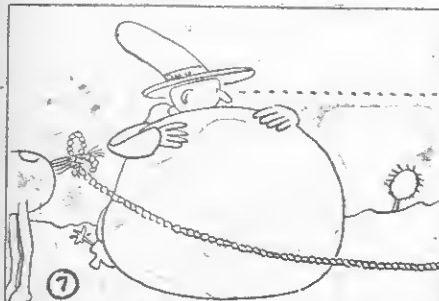
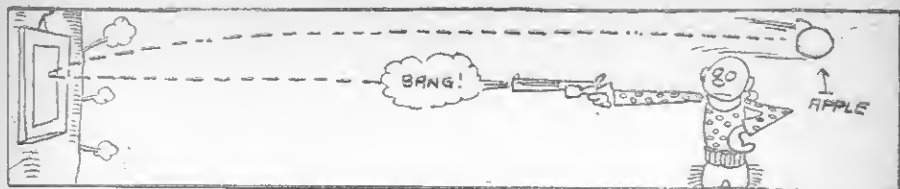


MY GRANDPA

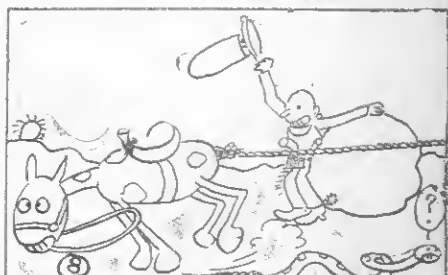
BY
LEFTY PETERS

ASSISTED BY TOM MENAMARA





THEN HE HID BEHIND A BIG ROCK WHICH HAPPENED TO BE HANDY AND WAITED FOR ONE EYE WILBUR TO SHOW UP.



AND WHEN HE DID HE TOLD AUBREY TO PULL THE STATE LINE TIGHT WHICH HE DID, BEING A VERY FAITHFUL STEED, AS I HAVE SAID BEFORE, - SEE PICTURE 5.



THIS TRIPPED ONE EYE WILBUR'S HORSE RIGHT ON HIS NOSE SPALLING HIS MASTER OFF ON HIS HEAD AND STUNNING HIM -



SO MY GRANDPA HAD LOTS OF TIME TO GALLOP OVER AND CAPTURE HIM BEFORE HE COULD DRAW HIS GUN AND GET NASTY ABOUT IT.



THE BANKER WAS SO PLEASED WITH THE FAVOR MY GRANDPA DID TO HIM THAT HE GAVE HIM A REWARD AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER, BUT GRANDPA -



SHUCKS! - BY THE TIME GRANDPA GOT OUT IN THE BACK YARD WHERE AUNT MINERVA CHASED HIM TO FINISH HIS SMOKE HE FORGOT WHAT HE DID WITH THE BANKER'S REWARD MONEY - SORRY. *Yuro Truly Lefts*

T'AIN'T SO!

LOAN BY NABA "T'AIN'T SO" OF
IMPERFECTLY "AUG" HOUR
TO T'AIN'T SO BEING
FIVE WILLS BE WILLS FOR ALLISON
MANUSCRIPTS, 3000 Instructions Below

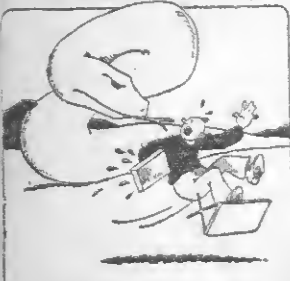
ON MY ANNUAL TRIP TO THE GREAT SOUTH WEST WITH MY EVER-READY MINIATURE CAMERA, I SAW A PERFECTLY CYLINDRICAL MOUNTAIN RANGE STRETCHED ACROSS THE LAND LIKE A HUGE WORM, TO MAKE A PANORAMA VIEW -



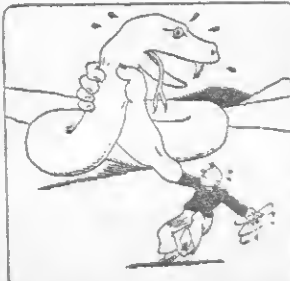
I HAD TO GALLOP A HORSE FOR TWO DAYS, CLICKING MY CAMERA CONSTANTLY. ON COMPLETING MY SNAPSHOTS I PREPARED TO DEVELOP THE NEGATIVES IMMEDIATELY - AS I AM AN IMPATIENT SOUL.



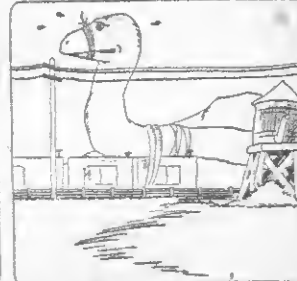
I HAD MY DEVELOPING SOLUTION IN PANS READY TO START WHEN A GREAT SHADOW CAME OVER THE VICINITY. LOOKING UP, I SAW THAT MY MOUNTAIN RANGE WAS IN REALITY A MONSTROUS RATTLE SNAKE.



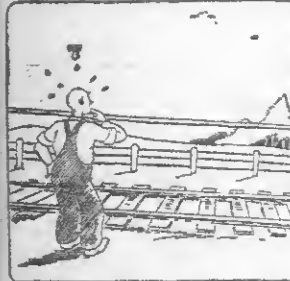
IT'S HEAD WAS POISED TO STRIKE SO IN CONSTERNATION I FELL OVER MY DEVELOPING SOLUTION SPILLING IT ALL OVER MY RIGHT ARM, WHICH DEVELOPED TO ENORMOUS PROPORTIONS. TO SAVE MYSELF I CLUNG TO THE MONSTROUS



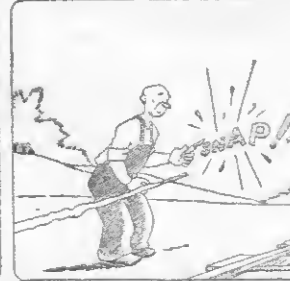
BEPTILE BY THE NECK AND DRAGGED IT TO THE NEAREST AIRDROME AND IMPRISONED IT IN A HANGER. I THEN PHONED A NEW YORK PROMOTER WHO INSTRUCTED ME TO SHIP MY PET EAST.



AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY WE LOADED HIS HEAD ON A FREIGHT TRAIN AND STARTED TO DRAG HIM TO THE EAST COAST. THE SNAKE, STUBBORN LIKE, WOUND HIS TAIL AROUND A CLIFF AND REFUSED TO BUDGE.



THE TRAIN, JUST AS STUBBORN, STEADILY STEAMED EASTWARD - STRETCHING MY FRIEND THINNER AND THINNER. TWO DAYS LATER A MAN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AKRON OHIO, ON CROSSING THE TRAIN TRACKS,



NOTICED A LONG THIN SOMETHING STRETCHING ENDLESSLY IN EACH DIRECTION - SO HE CUT IT WITH A KNIFE - THIS CAUSED THE TAIL END TO SNAP BACK AND LAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN WITH SUCH



A TERRIFIC SPLASH THAT IT RAINED SALT WATER STEADILY FOR THREE DAYS OVER THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA THIS LEFT SO MUCH SALT ON THE GROUND THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE, THINKING IT WAS SNOW, MOVED TO FLORIDA.

R. G. Leffingwell

STAMP COLLECTORS

By Prof. Phillip S. Pace

ONE OF the first questions asked by people, whether young or old, boys, girls, fathers or mothers, when the subject of stamp collecting is mentioned is: "How does one start a stamp collection?"

Well, the answer to that one is very simple. One begins to notice stamps, to save odd stamps which may come in their mail, or to have friends save the stamps from their foreign mail. Some boys and girls have started fine stamp collections by making a regular picnic out of a hunt through the old attic. Almost every home has old trunks or boxes stored away in an attic or in the cellar. Old letters, long forgotten, written perhaps from some far away part of the world, may be lying there now, gathering dust and waiting for some energetic young fellow or young lady to discover them and rescue the old stamps.

That is one way of starting the fascinating hobby of stamp collection. Here are some others for you. If you have friends or relatives who may work in a bank or some large business institution, ask them to bring home to you all the foreign or unusual stamps they observe during the course of their business day. Some folks, and this editor has seen them himself, make a practice of searching the wastebaskets of every office they visit for stamps that may have been thrown away on opened envelopes. We'd suggest however that if our readers decide to follow this plan, they first obtain permission of the office manager.

THE QUICKER METHOD

For the young would-be collector who is in real earnest about adopting this hobby there are two swift and sure ways to begin; first, to purchase stamps from some reliable dealer; and second, by exchanging duplicates with collector-friends.

When you come to buy stamps, remember that the best and least expensive beginning for your collection is to purchase what stamp dealers call a "World" or "General Variety" packet. These packets range in size from one hundred to

several thousand varieties, and are priced accordingly. If you will buy the largest general variety packet which you can afford, you will obtain—and at the lowest possible cost—a large number of stamps representing many countries. These will make an excellent foundation on which to build your collection.



The Austrian Stamp Issued in 1917 to Commemorate the Death of the Archduke Ferdinand and His Wife.

Even boys and girls who have never saved stamps know that a collector must have an album in which to keep his collection. Some young people we know have started the hobby with a plain, ordinary copy book of the sort they use in school for compositions. This is all right if you don't take your hobby seriously. But if you are going in for collecting and going to really amount to something with your "philately" as the hobby is called, then you will want an album. You can keep your sets better and arrange your stamps to show off to the best advantage.

Albums, in case you may not know, are designed especially for this purpose. Spaces are allotted for certain stamps and certain groups or sets. Albums, too, generally furnish one with a great deal of useful information regarding special stamps, with names and dates and the reasons, historical, for the high value of some stamps.



The Winged Horse—An Uruguayan Air Mail Stamp.

Now if you are a collector already and are interested in a new album, or if you, after reading this, have decided to make a start in this fascinating hobby and you want to know about the right kind of album to use, write a note to the STAMP EDITOR, of this magazine, at 11 West

JUNIOR LIBRARY

BY
FRANCES HOPE

This department will make every effort to assist readers of the magazine in locating certain book titles, old or new. If you have any questions about books, authors or the location of publishers of certain classes of books, write your query to this department. If you require answer by mail, please enclose postage.

WITH the coming of Spring and all the exciting plans most of us are making for the Summer, we don't seem to find as much time for reading as we did during the long, gray cold days of the Winter just past, which the men who keep records of the weather all over the country for the past seventy years tell us was the most unpleasant of them all. However, there are always rainy days, and hours here and there when there is time and the inclination to sit down and lose one's self among the pages of a good book, an old friend or a new one.

Now, boys and girls, I shall try and tell you of a few of the newest books published for young people, but I do hope that your reading them will not make you forget your old book friends, those which are your favorites and which you find delight in reading over and over. However, there are always birthdays and occasions for presents or rewards, and what could be nicer for either occasion than a book which one can treasure always?

Here are some of the newer offerings of the publishers:

HEROES OF THE SHOALS: By Allen Chaffee. This book is made up of true stories and real adventures of the United States Coast Guard, the intrepid men who patrol the long, long coast line of our country. While the book can, of course, cover only a very small number of the tales of their bravery and daring, those it does tell are thrilling indeed and help to make all youngsters still more proud that they are Americans. It tells of men rescued from sinking vessels, ponies rescued from a grounded barge, first aid brought after a terrific explosion, and the work of the International Ice patrol which covers the steamer lanes in the North Atlantic ocean. These fearless men dynamite the great icebergs so that they shall not be a danger to ships. There are many diagrams and drawings of the equipment used, photographs made during rescues and a brief though complete history of the United States coast guard. A fine book and it is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York City. Price \$2.00.



Stamp Collectors—Continued.

42nd street, New York, N. Y., and enclose a three-cent postage stamp. You will receive by prompt return mail a very interesting booklet devoted entirely to stamp collecting and telling you where you can get the right kind of album for your purpose. Remember, you must enclose the three-cent stamp to cover our mailing cost only.

Why not get yourself a hobby right now; one that will give you something to do on rainy days and at the same time help you to learn something of the histories of the nations of the world. Not to mention the possible future value of your

collection. There are some collections that are known to be worth thousands of dollars.



French Air Mail Stamp

More about stamps and stamp collectors, next issue.

Reprinted in part from a Stamp Collector's Catalog of H. E. Harris & Co., Boston.









HERE IT IS

The Coupon You'll Want To Fill Out and Mail at Once For Your Comics Insurance

Have a sample copy of this fine magazine mailed at once to your friend, your little or big neighbor—or—yourself. Get it from your postman every month at your door—and—regularly—for a whole year—and only One Dollar!

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NAME
STREET
CITY and STATE



Walter Tetley

One of the really few great child actors whose fame has spread by leaps and bounds. They call him the "Wee Harry Lauder" and his work on several important NBC programs has endeared him to millions of radio fans. Comics Magazine takes its hat off to Walter.



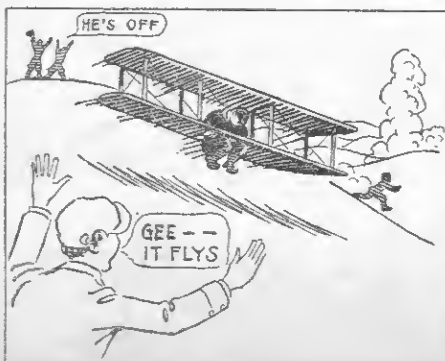
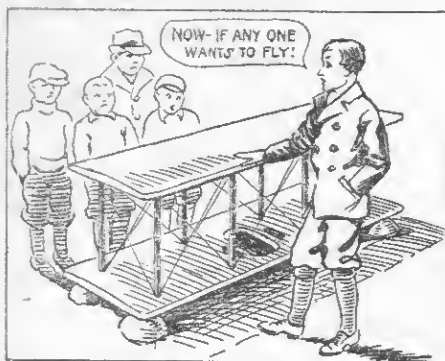
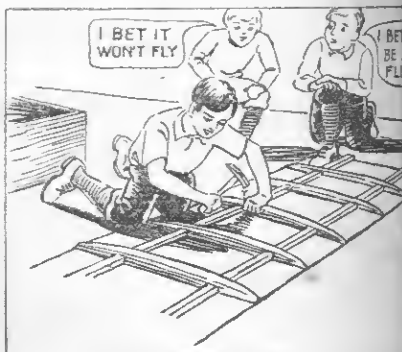
Major LORD

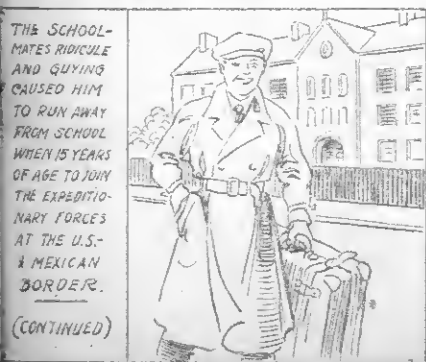
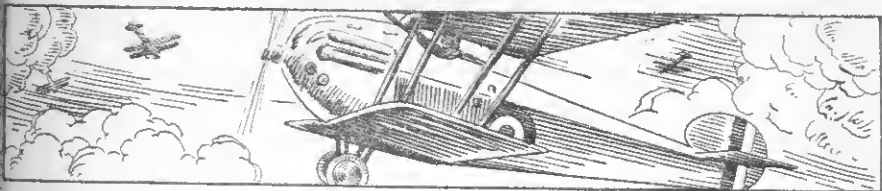
Facts, not Fiction

by Palmer

SYNOPSIS:

In his first flight Frederick Lord landed in Houston, Texas, on April 18th, 1900, not as a pilot, but as passenger of the stork. At the age of eleven years he built himself a Chanute glider and crashed on his first flight. When fifteen years old he joined the Mexican Border War. Next year he enlisted with the Royal Flying Corps in Canada. He engaged in battle with the Germans and later for the White Russians against the Bolsheviks. He has flown in U.S. and Mexico from the Arctic to the Tropics.





SKIPPER HAM SHANKS

BY JOHN PATTERSON



SKIPPER HAM SHANKS AND HIS PAL POSS FASH, ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, TO HELP AN OLD FRIEND, SPIKE KELLY, RECOVER SOME GOLD FROM A SUNKEN VESSEL. THEY HAVE JUST ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION.

SPIKE KELLY!
HOW ARE YA- YA-
OLD LANDLUBBER?

SO HELP ME, IF IT
AINT HAM SHANKS
YA' OLD SEA
HAWK!



WHAT ABOUT THIS SUNKEN
CRATE WITH ALL TH' GOLD
IN HER HOLD SPIKE-WHERE
DOES SHE LIE?

IN FORTY FEET O'
CLEAR WATER, NEAR
THAT LITTLE COVE-AN'
THERE'S A FORTUNE
IN HER FOR US-AN' YA
MAY LAY TO THAT!

SHUT UP
POSS!

WELL LET'S HAVE AT HER.
-I GOT ME DIVIN' EQUIPMENT
AN' I CRAVES ACTION!

NOT GO FAST HAM!
IT AINT QUITE
THAT EASY.

YUKON
FASH-IS
WHAT THE
CALLED
ME.

GOLD! DID I
EVER TELL YOU
OF MY EXPERIENCE
IN THE YUKON,
MR. KELLY!



SULTAN SOURPUSS, WHO LIVES ON TH' ISLAND
ACROSS TH' COVE, HAS LAID A CLAIM HE
FOUND THE WRECK FIRST AN' IS TRYIN'
TO BEAT ME OUT O' HER!

WHY TH' DIRTY SHARK
EATIN' THIEF!! SHOW ME
TO HIM!! I FEARS NO HOOMAN
ALIVE WHATS A CROOK!

I TOO, AM
QUITE HANDY
WITH MY
DOOKS MR.
KELLY.



I KNOWS YA'D ONT HAM
-YOUR A SQUARE SHOOTER
-BUT WE AINT UP AGAINST
HOOMAN BEINS -WE'RE
UP AGAINST A
MONSTER!

ONE ROUND
FASH! THAT
WAS MY RING
MONIKER.



HO! HO! HAR! HAR!
YA MAKE ME LAUGH!
-YA FORGET TH' TIME
I CLEANED UP ON
TWENTY-TOUGH SALTS
IN JOES CHOPJOINT,
AT ONE TIME SPIKE!

I KNOW BUT THIS
IS DIFFERENT- THIS
SULTAN SOURPUSS HAS
A HALF MAN, HALF BEAST,
WHAT HATES EVERYONE
BUT HIM, STANDIN'
GAURD DAY AN' NIGHT!

LET'S ANKLE OVER AN' HAVE
A TALK WITH THIS SULTAN
SOURPUSS AN' GET HIM TO
LAY OFF 'ER ELSE!



HUMPH! WHAT D'YE
WANT KELLY, TROUBLE?
MY MAN CORKY WILL
SUPPLY IT IF YE' DO!
-COME HERE CORKY!

MY FRIEND AND
I CAME DOWN TO
HAVE A TALK WITH
YOU, SULTAN.

CORKY HATE
ALL PIPPLES 'CEPT
SULTAN SOURPUSS!
GR-R-R-R-R!

YE' SEE CORKY HATES
EVERYONE EXCEPT ME
-I ALONE AM HIS
COMPLETE MASTER,
GENTLEMEN! HEH! HEH!

SQAWK
HELLO
SILLY!



MY! WHAT A
PLEASANT
PERSONALITY.

LISTEN! YA LITTLE WART-MY
FRIEND GETS WHAT'S HIS, SEE!
CORKY, OR NO CORKY-SET THAT!

CAREFUL
HAM!

YE' SEEK VIOLENCE DO
YE' SILLY! OKEEDOKE!
CORKY! COME HERE!
CORKY-WHERE ARE YE?



AW! I BET ME DONT EVEN
TALK LIKE CORK CABLE!

YES SIR! CORKY, YOU'D GO
OVER BIG IN HOLLYWOOD
-DIRECTOR FASH IS
TH' NAME

WHAT
TH!

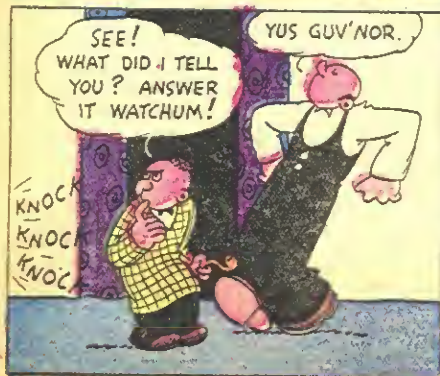
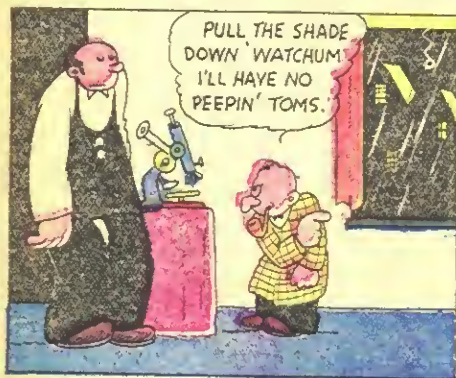


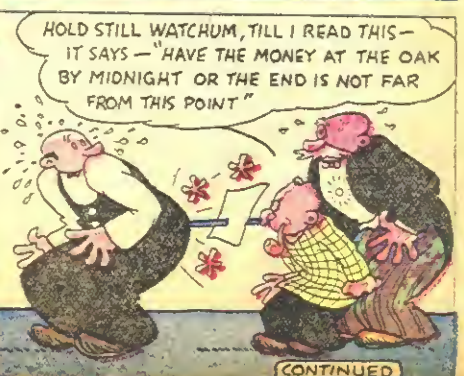
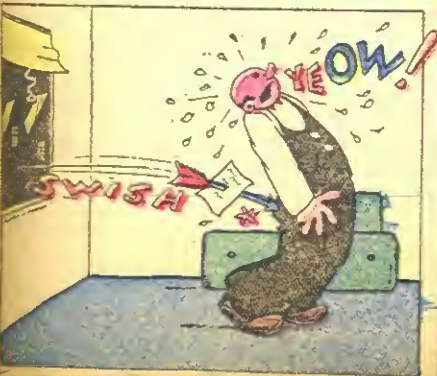
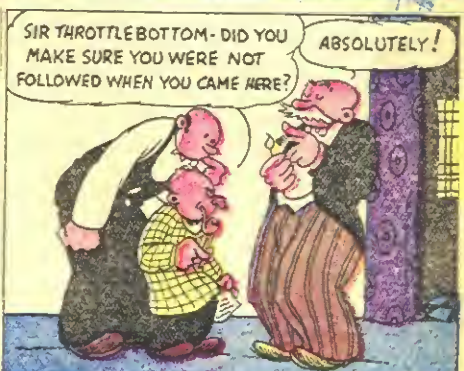
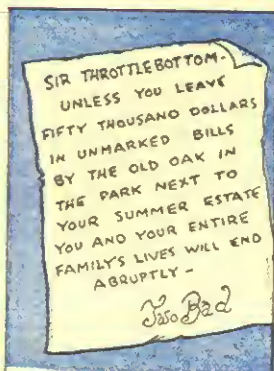
SQAWK!
SULTAN
SOURPUSS
HIS ONLY
MASTER
HEH! HEH!

CONTINUED.

EVIDENCE EDDY

By R G Leffingwell







SHOCKY

PLUS GUS

by
STAN RINDAL

DO YA
WANNA GO
OVER TO TH'
LUMBER
YARD WITH
BROTHER?

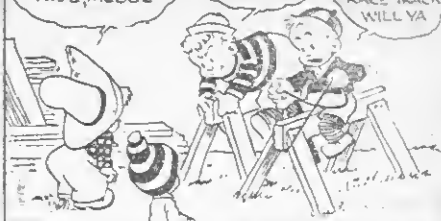


Y' BETCHA
BOOTS

AFTER WHILE
WILL YA LET US
RIDE, MEBBE?

GO GIT A
HOSS OF
YER OWN

HEY!
GIT OFFA TH'
RACE TRACK
WILL YA



MEBBE ME
AN' GUS COULD
RIDE WHILE
YOU FELLERS
IS RESTIN'

YA
DON'T
KNOW
HOW

AW, BE
YER AGE
SHOCKY!
THEM HORSES
GOTTA REST
TOO - AIN'T
THEY?

TIGHTWADS!
SOME DAY WE'LL
SHOW 'EM HOW
TO REALLY
RIDE, WONT
WE?

YOU
SEDDUT



LOOK GUS!
A PONY!!
I BETCHA HELL
LET ME GIT ON
HIM

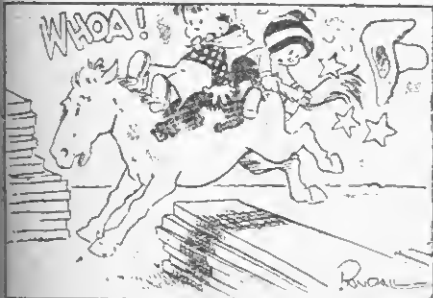


LOOKS LIKE
INJUN
TROUBLE
AHEAD,
PARDNUH

OOO! WE
BETTA
DIT OUTTA
HEAH!



WHOOA!



WHUT'S MATTA?
TANTCHA OIT
STANTED?



LEARN CARTOONING

BY JOHN PATTERSON

LESSON NO.1 HEADS



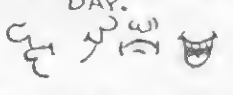
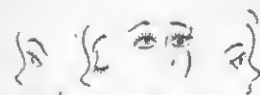
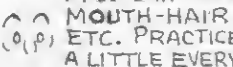
TO DRAW A COMIC HEAD-FIRST MAKE A SQUARE WITH PENCIL-NEXT DIVIDE IT INTO FOUR PARTS-FILL IN WITH PENCIL-THEN INK-AND ERASE PENCIL LINES



TO MAKE A FRONT VIEW-PROCEED IN THE SAME MANNER. TRY AND MAKE UP ORIGINAL HEADS-FIRST IN PENCIL AND THEN IN INK.



A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING EYES-EARS-NOSE MOUTH-HAIR ETC. PRACTICE A LITTLE EVERY DAY.



FACE EXPRESSION

WATCH FOR LESSON NO.2



SADNESS



GAIETY



SURPRISE



SERIOUSNESS



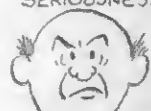
GRIEF



PAIN



SPITE



CONTEMPT



STUPIDITY



SMILE



LAUGHTER



UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER

A Crossword Puzzle

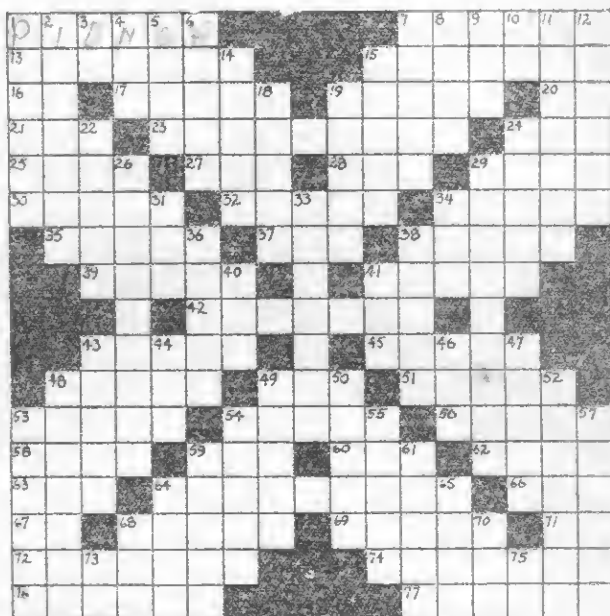
By Stanley Ashworth

This One
Looks Easy,
But Beware!

Here Are a
Couple of
Teasers

HORIZONTAL

1. Wanders stealthily
7. Rogues
13. Lassos
15. A breed of dog
16. Thoroughfare: abbr.
17. Weary
19. Lay out by line
20. Perform
21. Ill-bred fellow
23. Make a copy of
24. Strikes a blow
25. Self (pl.)
27. Manner of
28. Lacks moisture
29. Part of a skeleton
30. Makes a depression in
32. Bathes
34. Stains
35. Dries
37. There (Ger.)
38. State of complete contentment
39. Consumed
41. Deposit a seed
42. Ductile
43. Mentally weak
45. Impromptu stories
48. Mark of punctuation
49. Cut short
51. Emits a disagreeable smell
53. Composed of a cereal grain
54. Error (slang)
56. Sacred song
57. Periods of time
59. Waves
60. The (Fr.)
62. Game
63. This (Ger.)
64. That which draws to itself
66. Verminus
67. Printers' measure
68. Forward
69. Rabbits
71. Baby's vocabulary
72. Grazelands
74. Well head
76. Compounds of metals
77. Cello



VERTICAL

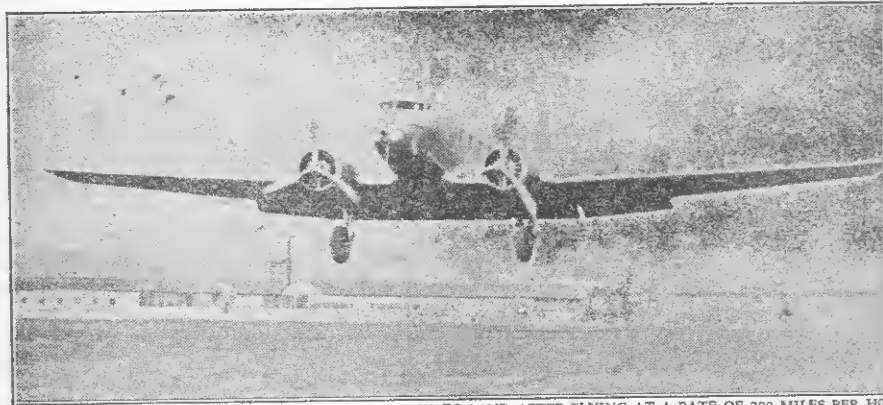
1. Deposited
2. Despoils
3. Conjunction
4. Humorist
5. Den
6. Scattered loosely
7. Tangy
8. Enclosure
9. Feminine name
10. Musical note
11. Those who exert undue emphasis on unimportant subjects
12. Inclining terrains
14. Flower leaf
15. Pronounces indistinctly
18. Water nymph
19. Serpent
22. He who receives a donation
26. Sat upon
29. Lost sight
31. A complete series
32. Account of
34. Exclamation
36. Sutch
38. To obscure
40. A series of woven interstices
41. A thickness
43. Minute particles
44. Electrically charged atom
46. Dress material
47. Quench
48. Burnt sugar
49. A table for food
50. Emit forcefully
52. Lute
53. Plant swelling due to absorption of too much moisture
54. Greek letter (pl.)
55. Affix another marker
57. Decorations
59. Simmers
61. Eruptions
64. Nautical hall
65. Torn
68. Excitement
70. Saint: abbr.
73. Boy's nickname
75. Electrical engineer: (init.)

Another Ashworth Puzzle Next Week

Aeronautical Advisory Service

Beginning a Fascinating Series of Articles on the Subject of Flying,
and the Service or Maintenance of Aircraft and Engines, as Well as
Air Travel in General

by CAPTAIN RAYMOND CLARK



A BIAIRLINER WITH "AIR BRAKES" APPLIED, ABOUT TO LAND AFTER FLYING AT A RATE OF 200 MILES PER HOUR

Editor's Note:—Captain Clark, a recognized authority on the air service and all its branches, will answer in this department any questions about flying asked by the readers of The Comics Magazine. Questions must be addressed to him, care of the magazine, and will be answered in order of their receipt. No replies will be sent by mail. Readers earnestly striving to compile valuable information about airplanes and air travel, can, by keeping a file of the magazine, build up a splendid aeronautical library for themselves. So start "shooting" your questions and watch for the answers by Captain Clark in each issue.

AS a result of many years of experience in the sky and around flying fields and airplane engine shops, I have found that there are a certain number of "standard" questions asked by novices as to this modern sport and industry. In order to acquaint readers with the form in which most questions are asked, also to start this series off with some real information, I will list below a group of questions and answers covering a score or more elementary points.

If you have any problems about motors, ships of any type, old or new, routes, construction or personalities connected with aviation, I shall be glad to help any reader with the solution. Write me.

And now, here are some of the commoner questions and my answers to them:

- Q. What kind of airplane is the safest to ride in?
A. Any airplane which bears the Department of

Commerce license markings "N.C." is as safe to ride in as a railway car marked Pullman.

Q. What do the letters N.C. mean?

A. The letters N.C. on an airplane mean that the plane has been inspected by a Department of Commerce Inspector and he has found it to be perfectly safe for carrying passengers or any commercial use anywhere in the U. S. A. Hence:

- N. — National.
C. — Commercial.

Q. What salary do pilots usually receive?

A. The salaries of pilots vary. "Barnstormers" average from no pay at all to fifty dollars per week. Transport pilots on established air lines draw from \$600 to \$300 per month and expenses. Pilots in South American and South African service usually draw from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per month.

Q. What qualifications are necessary to learn to fly?

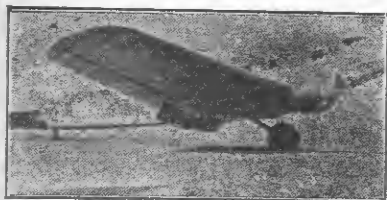
A. In order to obtain a private license one must pass a physical examination by a reputable physician, be normally intelligent, obtain a free permit from a Department of Commerce Inspector and have at least 10 hours solo time in the air.

Q. How would you compare learning to fly with learning to drive a car?

A. It is less difficult to learn the fundamentals of flying than of driving. There is no clutch to work and no gears to shift. The propeller is fastened to the end of the engine crankshaft. Pushing the throttle lever open gives more speed and power. Steering a plane is done by foot pedals. Direction "up" is obtained by pulling the control stick back. Direction "down" is obtained by moving the control stick forward slightly and pulling the throttle back to reduce the power.

Q. What keeps the airplane up in the air?

A. Airplanes are drawn through the air by the screw motion of the propeller. The blast of air thrown back on the tail surfaces of the plane by the propeller is known as the slipstream or prop wash. The wings of a plane are always attached to the fuselage with the trailing edge of the wing a few degrees lower than the leading edge. This is called the angle of incidence and gives the lift to the plane as it is drawn through the air by the screw action of the propeller.



Transport on ground showing position of air brakes, which reduce the landing speed to lowest ever attained by a transport of this size.

Q. What is the first thing to learn about flying?

A. The first thing to learn in flying is to have confidence in the pilot who is teaching you, and in the plane in which you are learning. Fear of great height will decrease and gradually disappear as your training progresses.

Q. What are the different kinds of airplane engines?

A. The different kinds of airplane engines are: radial air-cooled, V-type water cooled, four cylinder vertical air-cooled and inverted four cylinder air-cooled. Also a small two cylinder opposed air-cooled.

Q. What kind of ignition has an airplane engine?

A. Two magnetos furnish electrical current for two spark plugs in each cylinder in every motor.

Q. What would cause vibration in an airplane motor?

A. Vibration in an airplane motor could be caused by loose motor mount bolts or by one or more cylinders missing, caused by any of the following:

1. Bad ignition points.
2. Bad spark plugs.
3. Improper carburetor mixture.
4. Poor flow of gas to the carburetor.

Q. What would cause vibration in an airplane?

A. There are several causes of vibration in an airplane. Loose interplane struts or fittings, loose landing or flying wires, airplane improperly rigged.

Q. What is meant by rigging an airplane?

A. Assembling and aligning the wings, fuselage and tail surfaces so that when it is in the air the plane will fly level laterally and longitudinally with little or no guiding by the pilot.

Q. When a plane is improperly rigged what may happen?

A. When a plane is improperly rigged it may fly either left or right wing heavy, it may be nose or tail heavy, it may "hunt," that is dart up or down or to either side unexpectedly, or it may spin very easily.

Q. What are flying wires and landing wires?

A. The wires which run from the fuselage of the ship upward to the top wing, hold the weight of the ship to the wing as the wing provides lift in the air and are called flying wires. The landing wires are from the upper wing across the flying wires to the lower wings and give the plane support while landing and keep the wings in alignment.

Q. How should flying wires and landing wires be adjusted?

A. The proper tension can be learned only through experience in the adjusting and fitting of wires. If taken up too tight they will cause the struts to bend and if left too loose they will vibrate and weaken the wing ensemble.

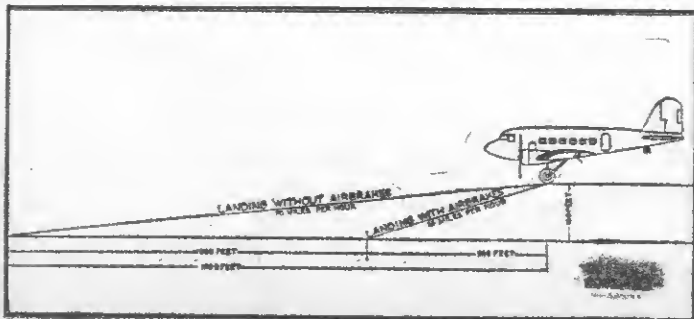
Q. Describe the fuel system of an airplane.

A. The gasoline tanks are usually in the wings of all airplanes. Most modern planes use in addition to the regular gravity feed a fuel pump driven by the engine. At the bottom of each tank is a sump with a petcock in it to drain the water which accumulates in the tank. In the gas line between the tank and the carburetor is a colodur strainer and in the carburetor there is another strainer of very fine mesh wire. The sump should be drained and the strainers cleaned after every 10 hours flying.

Q. What is stagger in an airplane?

A. The distance that the upper wing's leading edge extends forward from the lower wing is known as positive stagger. When the leading edge of the lower wing is in advance of the upper wing it is called negative stagger.

And in the next issue we'll take up more points about flying and airplanes in general. Happy landings!



Graph shows how gliding angle at 100 feet in the air is shortened from 1,500 to 500 feet with air brakes applied thus permitting the large airliner to land safely in fields one-third the size required by planes without brakes.



SAY BILL I'M FED UP!
NO PEARL- NO SHELL-
AND NO DOUGH! I AIM
WE MAKE A MOVE!

WHERE TO?
OLD BUCKO!



LET'S TAKE A SHOT AT
CRATER ISLAND!

D'YOU MEAN THE
BLACK LAGOON!
YOU'RE CRAZY MAN!
NO ONE EVER CAME
OUT O' THAT HOLE
ALIVE!



GOSH BILL! EVERY TIME
WE GO DOWN, WE ARE AL-
WAYS TAKING A CHANCE!
YOU KNOW THAT! BESIDES
IT'S RICH IN PEARL SHELL!

TRUE ENOUGH JAKE - - BUT
YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT
THE THING IS! HOWEVER AS
WE NEED MONEY I'M WILLING
TO TAKE A CHANCE! - WHEN
DO WE SAIL?



BILL HORTON AND JAKE BLYTH SET A COURSE FOR THE "BLACK LAGOON" CRATER ISLAND. THE LAST KNOWN MAN TO DIVE FOR PEARL SHELL THERE ESCAPED THE TERROR OF THE DEEP - BUT WENT STARK MAD LATER!



DO YOU KNOW JAKE, THAT THE NATIVES ARE SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT THE "LAGOON"? THEIR GOD IS LIGHT - SUN, MOON, STARS AND FIRE! - BUT "OLD NICK" HOLDS FORTH IN THE WATERS SURROUNDING THE ISLAND!



WELL! JUST WHAT IS THIS HORROR THAT MAKES THE LAGOON SO TERRIBLE - SHARKS!!

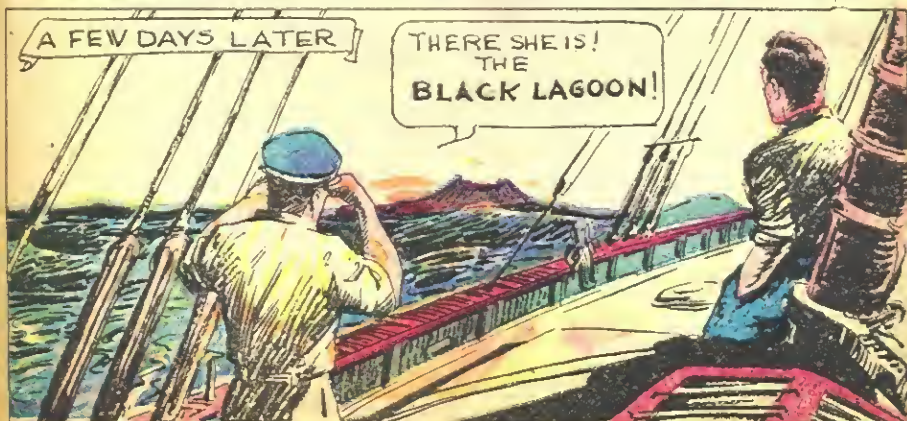



NO! A GIANT OCTOPUS!



A FEW DAYS LATER

THERE SHE IS!
THE
BLACK LAGOON!






WHITE MAN FOOLISH! GO
INTO DEVIL WATERS - NO
COME BACK! -- LOOK!
NATIVE BOY DIE!

A comic panel showing two white men standing on a beach. The man on the left wears a yellow shirt and a blue cap, smoking a pipe. The man on the right wears a white shirt and a straw hat. They are facing a group of natives. A speech bubble from the natives reads: "WHITE MAN FOOLISH! GO INTO DEVIL WATERS - NO COME BACK! -- LOOK! NATIVE BOY DIE!"



NATIVE FUNERAL

A comic panel showing a native funeral ceremony. A large fire is burning in the center. Several natives are gathered around the fire, some with their arms raised. A banner at the top reads: "NATIVE FUNERAL".

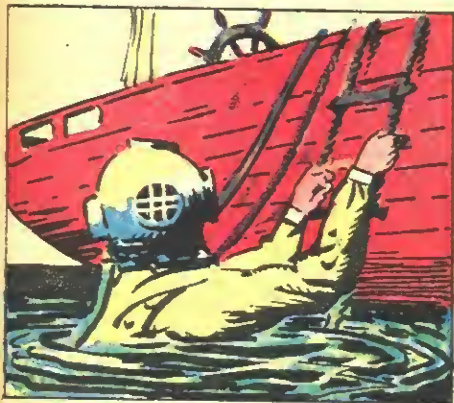
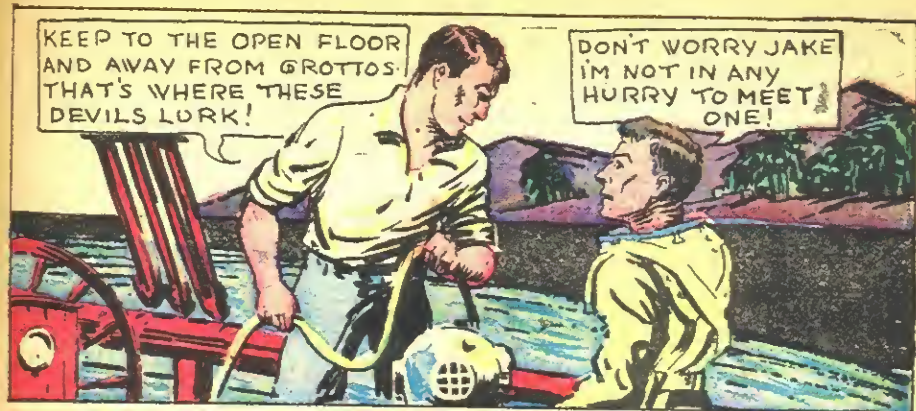


VELL! DO
YOU STILL
WANT TO
TACKLE IT?

A comic panel showing two white men sitting on a beach. The man on the left is wearing a striped shirt and is looking at the man on the right. The man on the right is wearing a yellow shirt and a blue cap, smoking a pipe. A speech bubble from the man in the striped shirt reads: "VELL! DO YOU STILL WANT TO TACKLE IT?"

SURE! I'M NOT
GOING TO LET
THAT SCARE
ME! I'LL GO
FIRST!

A comic panel showing two white men sitting on a beach. The man on the left is wearing a striped shirt and is looking at the man on the right. The man on the right is wearing a yellow shirt and a blue cap, smoking a pipe. A speech bubble from the man in the yellow shirt reads: "SURE! I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT SCARE ME! I'LL GO FIRST!"



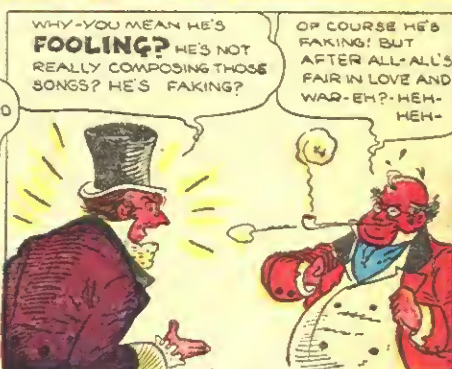
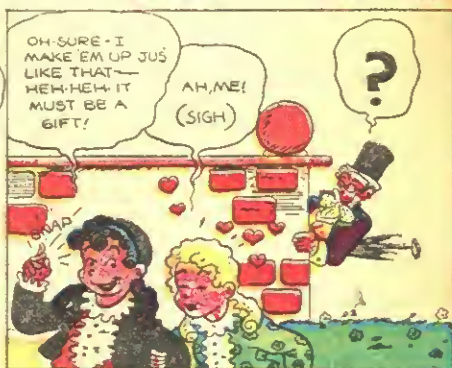
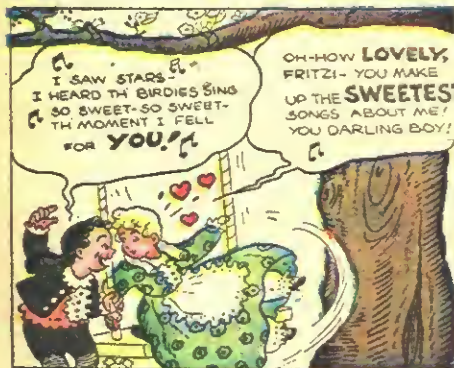
STUBBIE *by* CLYDE 190V

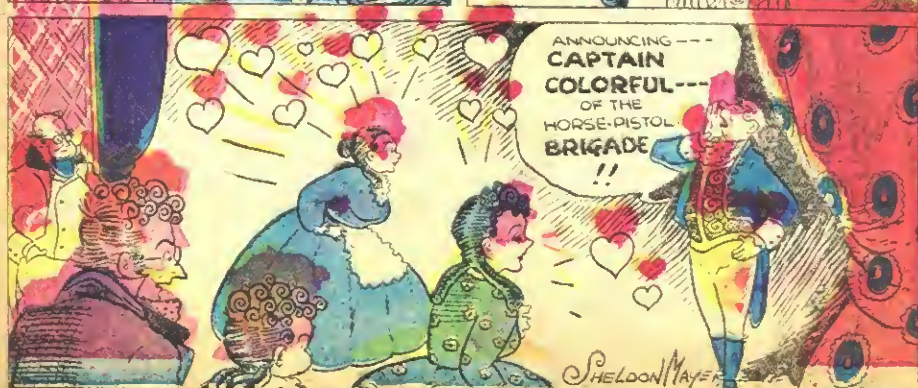
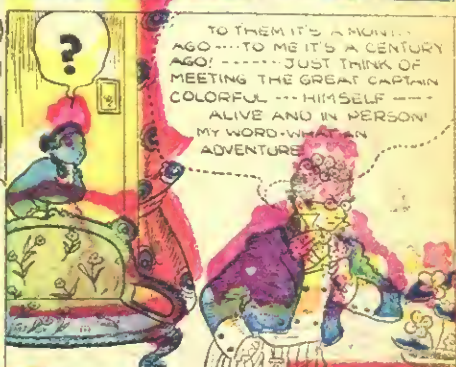
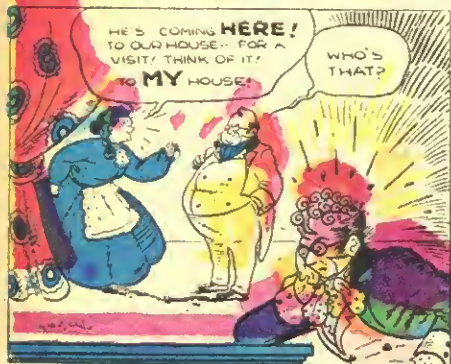




THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. WEED

By SHELDON MAYER

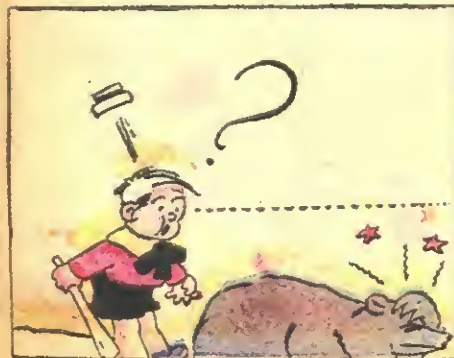


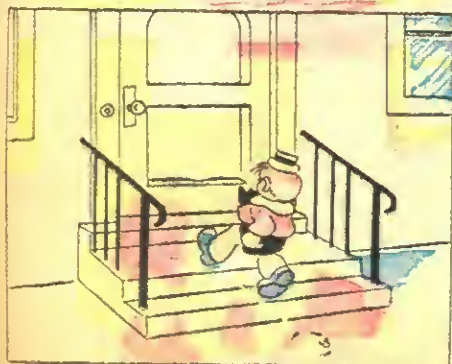


FREDDIE BELL

HE MEANS WELL

by
Matt
Curzon





SPUNK HAZARD

I WANT MY RENT
RIGHT NOW OR THERE'LL
BE TROUBLE, MRSPUNK

WHY-A-
IT'S LIKE
THIS--



M-MY MANAGER IS OUT GETTING
ME A J-JOB, MRS. PLOOP! I EXPECT
HIM ANY MINUTE! I'LL PAY UP, D-DON'T
WORRY!

PAY ME
IN TWO HOURS
OR I'LL TAKE
IT OUT OF
YER HIDE!



WHOOOPS! OUR TROUBLES ARE
OVER! YOU'VE GOT A JOB!



THINK OF IT!
A HUNDRED SMACKERS
FOR MAKIN' A LIL'
PARACHUTE JUMP

SAY! FOR A
HUNDRED I'D
JUMP OFF
TH' TOP OF
TH' EMPIRE
STATE
BUILDING!



SWELL! BECAUSE
THAT'S JUST WHAT
YOU'VE GOTTA DO!

HUH?



YA CAN'T BACK
OUTSPUNK!
I'VE SIGNED UP!
YOU JUMP AT
3:30 T'DAY SO
HURRY!

A FINE PAL!
I WON'T DO IT!
I CAN'T DO IT!
IT'S SURE
DEATH!!



by
**STAN
RANDALL**

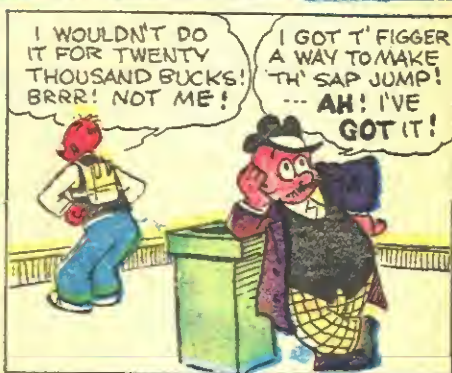


AND I HOPE
YOUR CHUTE
DON'T OPEN!



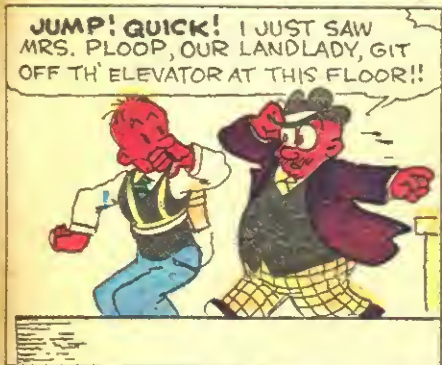
JUST SHUT YOUR
EYES AND THINK
WHAT WE'LL DO WITH
THAT 100 DOLLARS!

YEAH? IT
WONT EVEN
PAY TH' FIRST
INSTALLMENT
ON MY FUNERAL
!

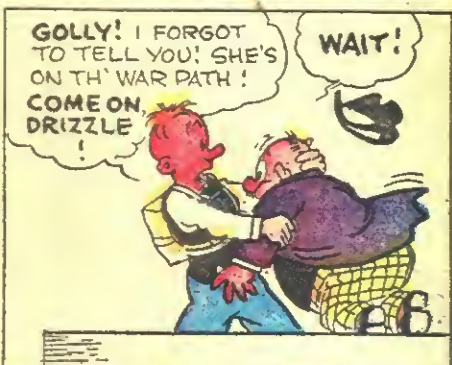


I WOULDN'T DO
IT FOR TWENTY
THOUSAND BUCKS!
BRRR! NOT ME!

I GOT T' FIGGER
A WAY TO MAKE
TH' SAP JUMP!
--- AH! I'VE
GOT IT!

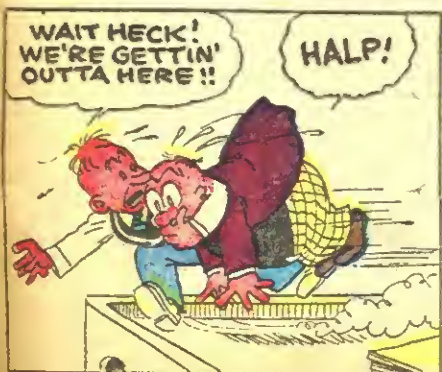


JUMP! QUICK! I JUST SAW
MRS. PLOOP, OUR LANDLADY, GIT
OFF TH' ELEVATOR AT THIS FLOOR!!



GOLLY! I FORGOT
TO TELL YOU! SHE'S
ON TH' WAR PATH!
COME ON,
DRIZZLE
!

WAIT!



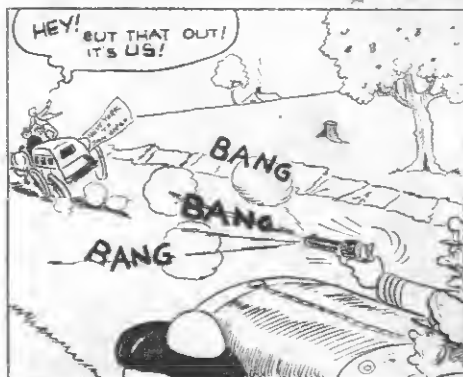
WAIT HECK!
WE'RE GETTIN'
OUTTA HERE!!

HALP!



WOW!
THAT CERT'NLY
WAS A
CLOSE
SHAVE!

WHOOIE

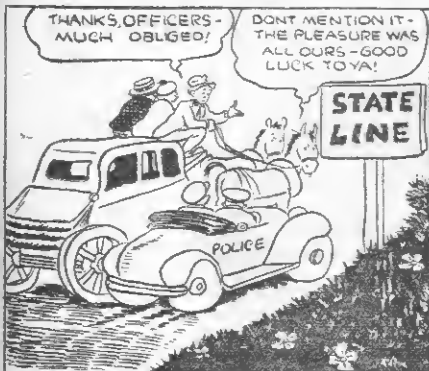


SHELDON MAYER. TO BE CONTINUED

J. WORTHINGTON

BLIMP, ESQ.

BY SHELDON
MAYER.





PROF. NERTZ

PROF. NERTZ

by JOHN PATTERSON



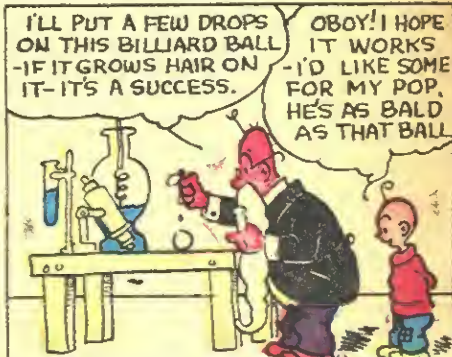
PETE



HELLO PROF!

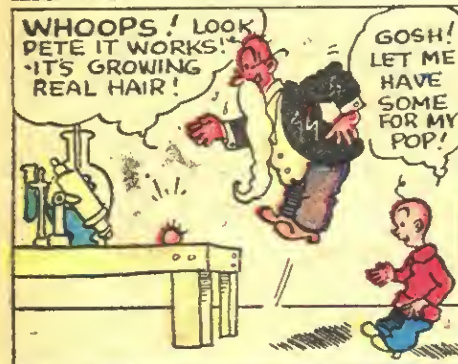
COME IN PETE!
-I'M WORKING
ON A NEW HAIR
GROWER-LET'S
SEE IF IT WILL
WORK.

PROFESSOR NERTZ
CAN INVENT ALMOST ANYTHING.
HE IS WORKING ON ONE OF HIS
EXPERIMENTS NOW.



I'LL PUT A FEW DROPS
ON THIS BILLIARD BALL
-IF IT GROWS HAIR ON
IT-IT'S A SUCCESS.

OBOY! I HOPE
IT WORKS
-I'D LIKE SOME
FOR MY POP.
HE'S AS BALD
AS THAT BALL

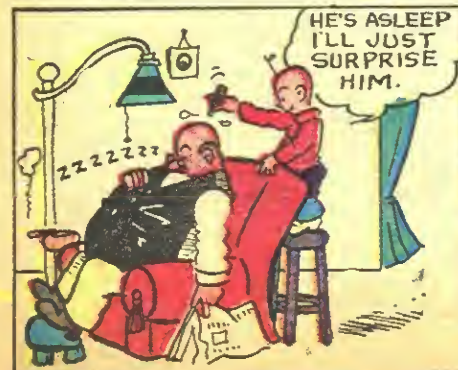


WHOOOPS! LOOK
PETE IT WORKS!
-IT'S GROWING
REAL HAIR!

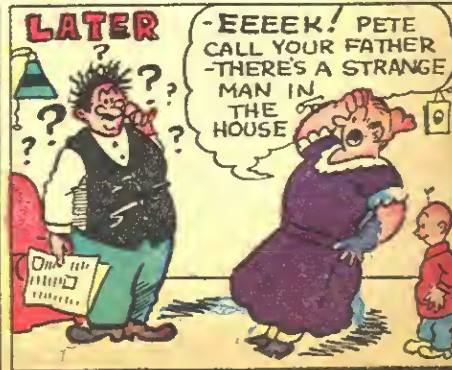
GOSH!
LET ME
HAVE
SOME
FOR MY
POP!



IF THIS WILL
GROW HAIR ON
POPS HEAD-HE'LL
GET ME THOSE
SKATES, I WANT.



HE'S ASLEEP
I'LL JUST
SURPRISE
HIM.

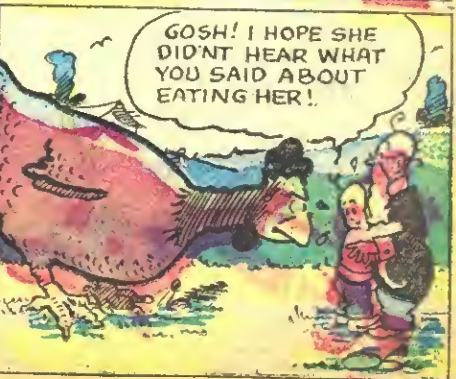
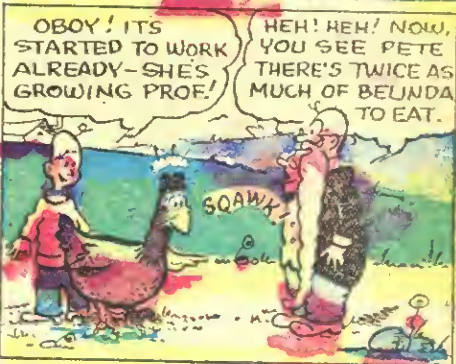
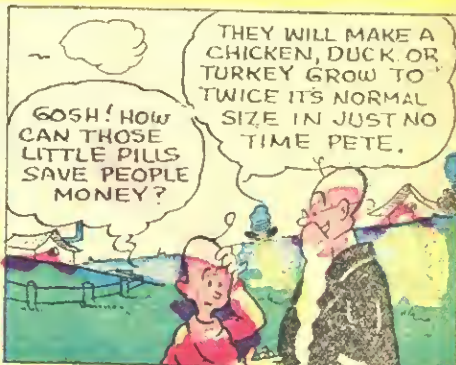


LATER

-EEEEK! PETE
CALL YOUR FATHER
-THERE'S A STRANGE
MAN IN
THE HOUSE

PROF. NERTZ

by JOHN PATTERSON

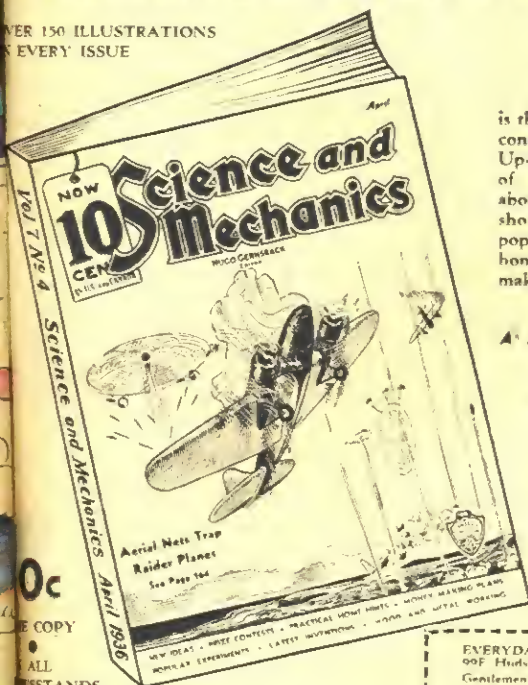


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